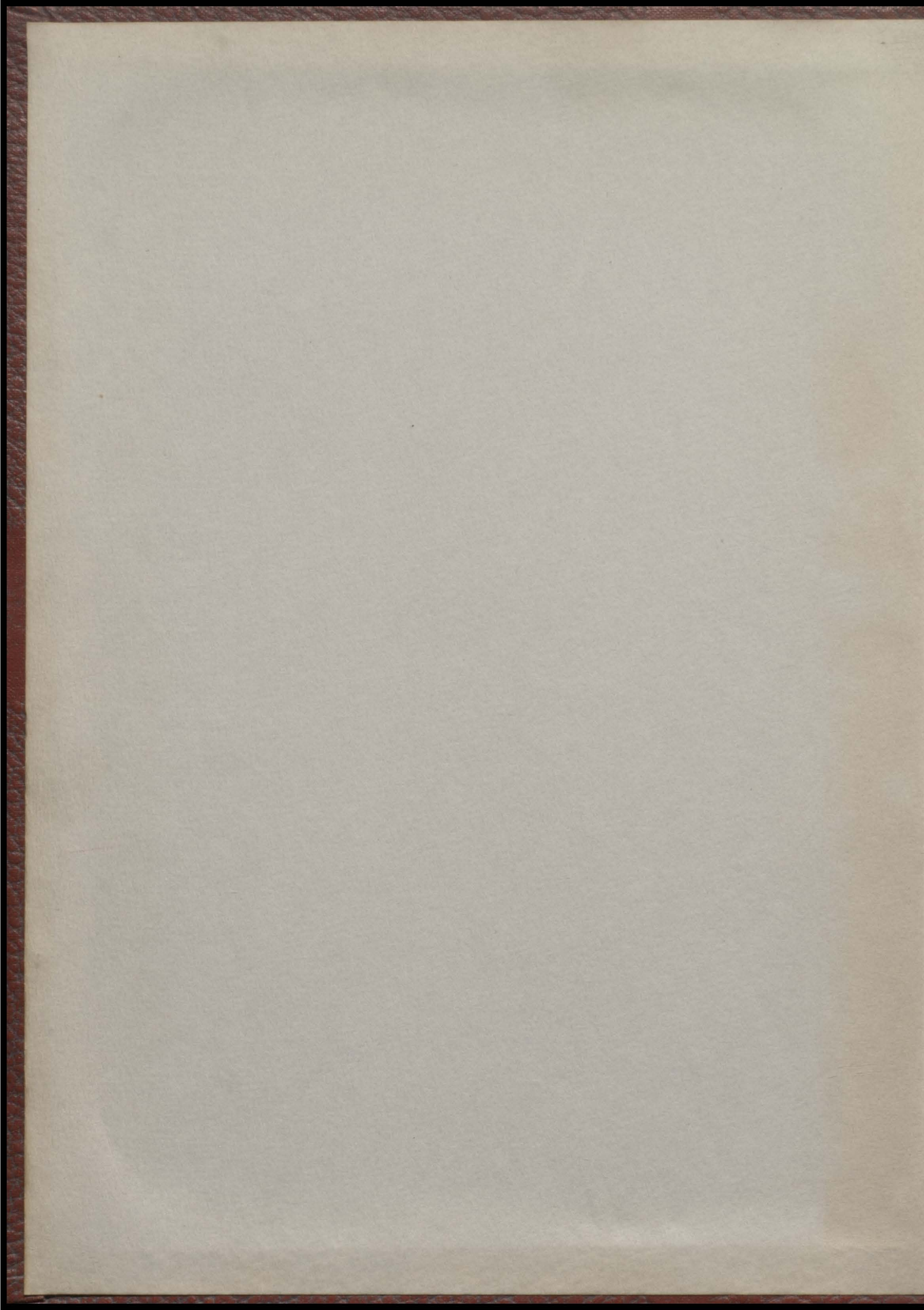


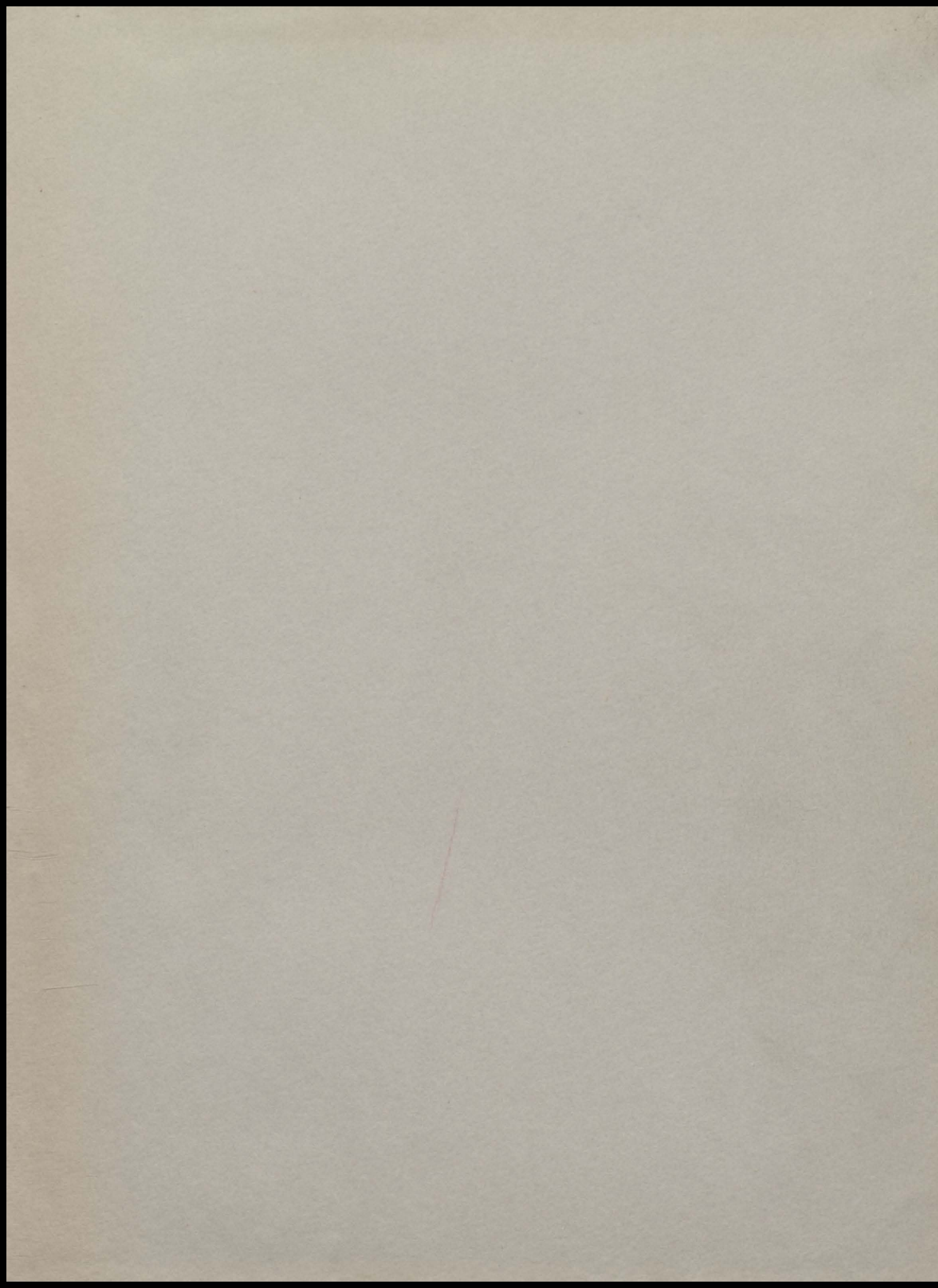
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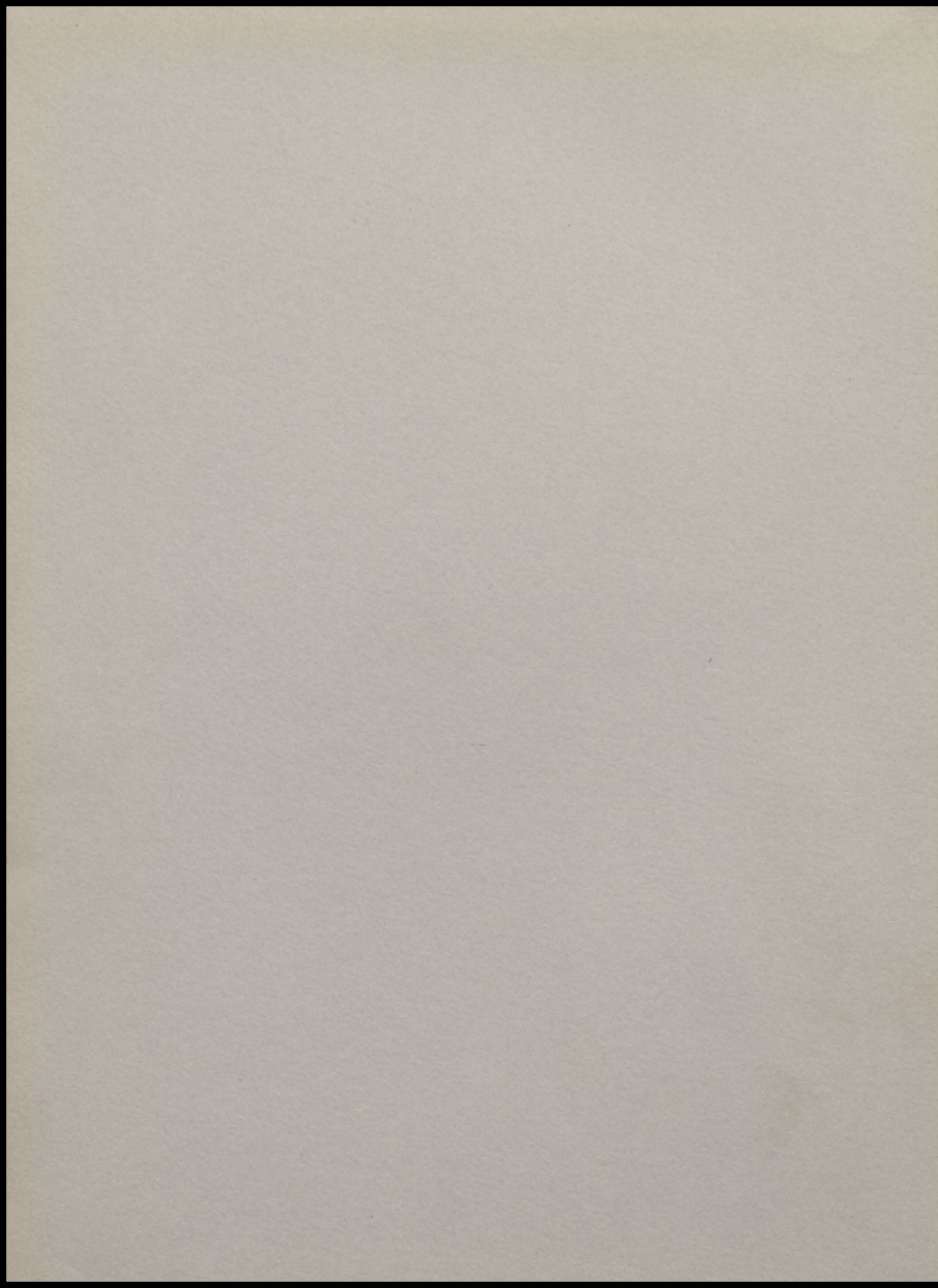


June
1947

The TORCH









Published Semi-Annually by the Students of
East Side Commercial and Technical High School
Newark, New Jersey



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Vice-Principal



Ephraim Eisenberg

Vice-Principal





Ruth M. Gronheit

Senior Advisers



Edward A. Posner



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English

Julian Ziegler
English

Not Pictured

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Secretarial





Josephine Bronzo



EAST SIDE

MAROON J. ABRAHAM

Civic

189 Walnut Street

Magnificent spectacle of human happiness.



STANLEY A. ADAMKOWSKI

Technical

117 Pulaski Street

Still water runs deep.



MARY ANN ADAMS

Business

25 Patterson Street

A pleasant voice, with a pleasant smile.



CONGETTA LUCY ALATI

College Preparatory

124 Prospect Street

*The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

GLORIA M. ALFANO

Business

280 Walnut Street

The very pink of perfection.

ALICIA ALVAREZ

Secretarial

104 Elm Street

In a world of darkness thy smile is a light.

MARION L. ANSALDO

College Preparatory

216 South Street

*A lady richly clad is she,
Beautiful exceedingly.*



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

VIOLA ANTOLEC

Business

299 Oliver Street

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired.





EAST SIDE

MILDRED MARY ATCH

Secretarial

68 Napoleon Street

This girl is destined to excel in all undertakings.



HILDA MARIE AUGUST

Secretarial

5-3-2-A Roanoke Court

As merry as a lark all day long.



GWYNETH BABER

General Clerical

90 Pulaski Street

Silence is a virtue.



TILLIE BARROSO

Secretarial

13 Clover Street

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

ANTHONY JOSEPH BASTO

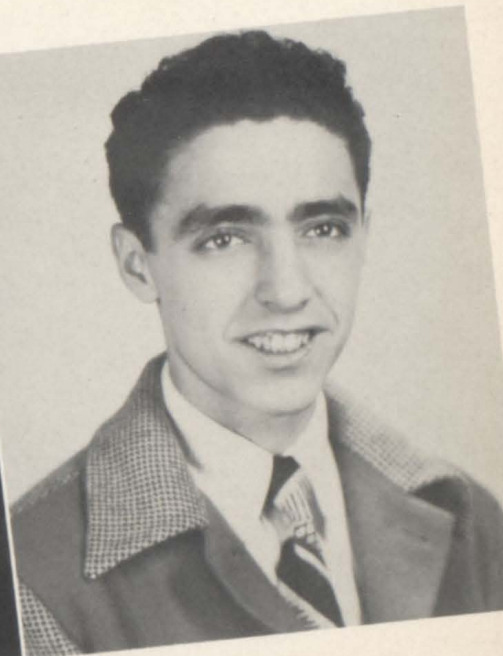
Technical
194 South Street
After all, why worry?

ELIZABETH B. BATOR

Secretarial
375 Lafayette Street
A constant companion of mirth.

ANTHONY R. BENEDETTO

Technical
420 Walnut Street
*With a song on his lips,
A melody in his heart.*

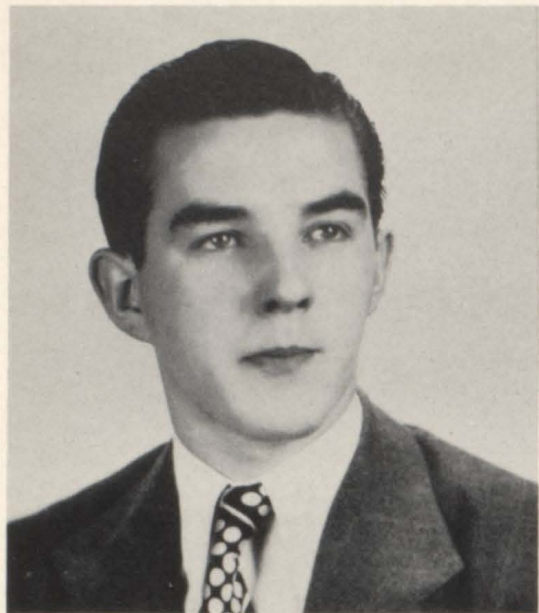


CLASS OF JUNE 1947

NATALIE A. BENEDITO

General Clerical
99 Pacific Street
A good heart is the greatest of assets.





EAST SIDE

ARTHUR KARL BILLITZ

Technical

42 Hensler Street

Wit and wisdom are born with a man.



RUTH BIRCSAK

Secretarial

860 South 19th Street

She smiles, and the shadows depart.



MARGARET ANN BLAJSA

General Clerical

80 Jackson Street

*There is no room for sadness when we see
a pleasant smile.*



ISABEL M. BLANQUER

Secretarial

277 Hillside Avenue

She possesses a rare sense of humor.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

DOLORES MARIE BOESNER

Secretarial

339 Elm Street

In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare.

DOROTHY ANN BRENNER

Secretarial

1 Gotthart Street

Although petite she's very sweet.

JOSEPHINE VERA BRONZO

General Clerical

81 Adams Street

Her only fault is that she had no fault.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

BETTY BROWN

General Clerical

2 Roanoke Court

A friendly smile and a quiet way.





EAST SIDE

ANNE BROZNAK

Secretarial

76 Elm Road

*A sweet maid, with the light of dawn
sparkling in her eyes.*



DOLORES RITA BURDELSKI

General Clerical

56 Cortland Place

Her charms are as rare as a priceless gem.



DORIS MAE BURKE

Secretarial

46½ Pulaski Street

*A good heart is better than all the heads
in the world.*



ESTHER M. BYRNE

General Clerical

29 Freeman Street

My eyes make pictures when they are shut.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

JOSEPH CACICEDO

Technical

24 Elm Street

Why live if not to be merry and gay?

ANGELINA T. CANTALUPO

Business

293 Oliver Street

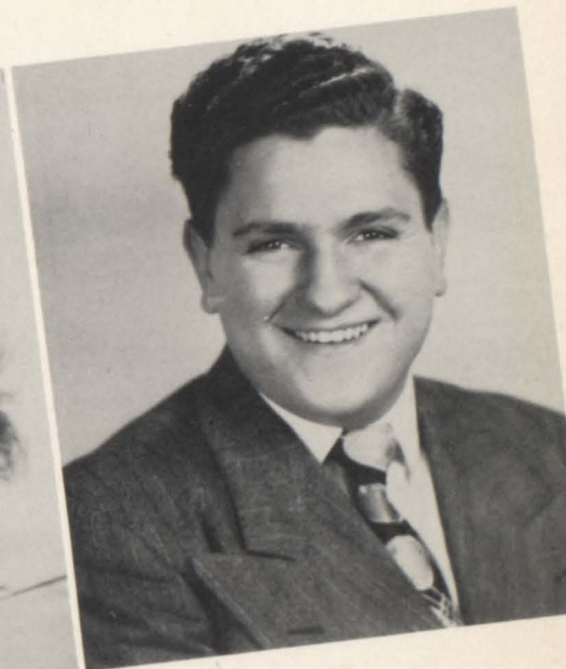
Of quiet, unassuming nature.

JOSEPH ANGELO CAPOZZI

Technical

370 Elm Street

Strong and content I travel the open road.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

VIVIAN CARLSSON

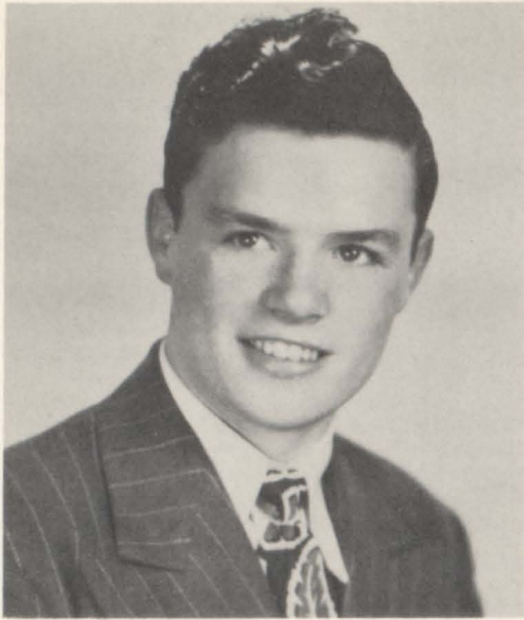
College Preparatory

20 Fillmore Street

One thought fills immensity.



EAST SIDE



NORMAN DAVID CHERE

Civic

110 Chapel Street

A regular fellow, and a true friend.

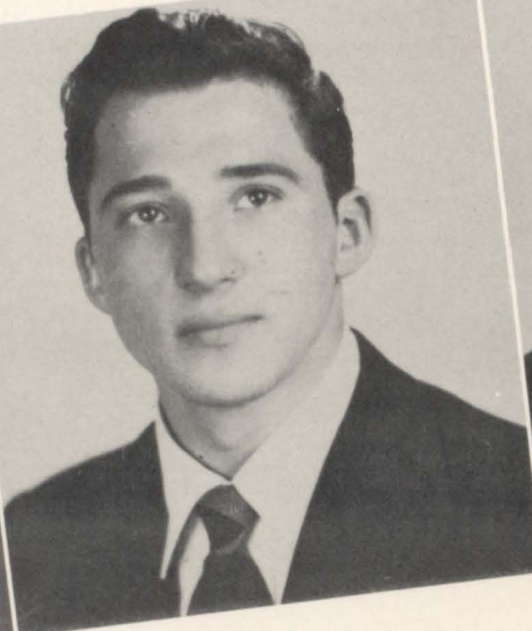


ANNE CHESHUN

Secretarial

42 Congress Street

Studios of care and fond of humble things.



JOHN D. CHRISTADORE

Technical

507 Market Street

*We grant, although he had much wit,
He was shy of using it.*



CELIA CIBRIAN

General Clerical

23 Cottage Street

Like a lily-flower, petite and sweet.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

CONCETTA M. CICALESSE

General Clerical

278 East Kinney Street

*My lady warms and brightens the very room
with her presence.*

CHARLES P. CIPRIANO

Industrial

196 Lafayette Street

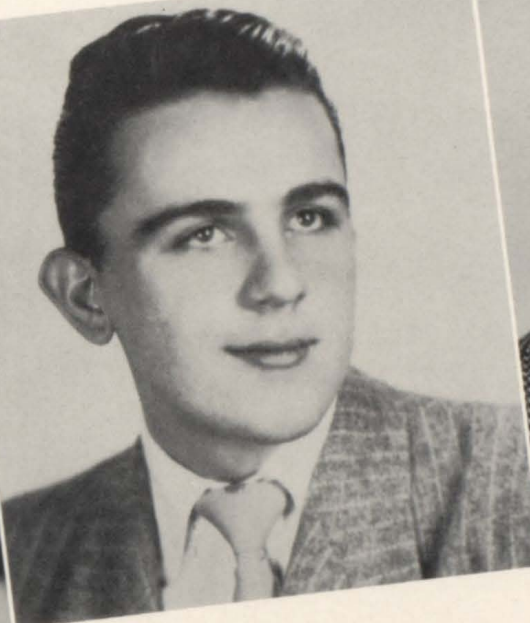
*Be gone, my cares!
I give you to the wind.*

WILLIAM J. COLLINS

Technical

99 Napoleon Street

*Let every man be fully persuaded
in his own mind.*



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

ROSE CONDE

College Preparatory

144 Walnut Street

*Fair her face, and brightly flushed,
Sweeter maiden never blushed.*





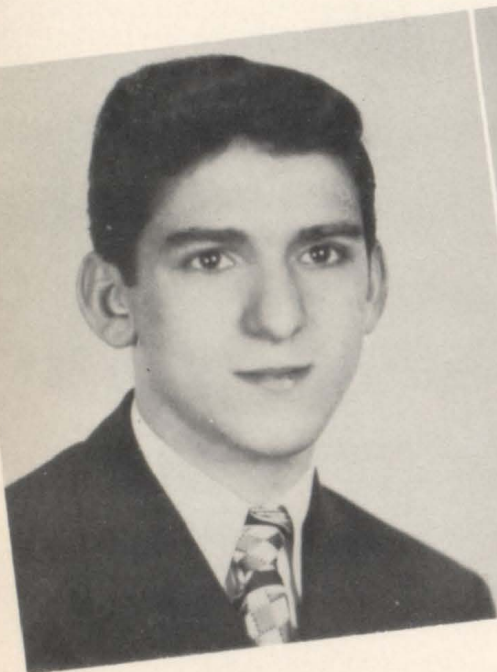
EAST SIDE

RAE COPPOLA

General Clerical

82 Komorn Street

An even disposition is to be admired by all.



PHILIP CORREIA

Technical

60 High Street

*Good nature and good sense make
good companions.*



ANTHONY J. CUPO

Technical

39 Pacific Street

A good laugh is sunshine in the house.



THERESA F. CZARNECKI

Secretarial

347 Elm Street

*Oh that a mirror's form were mine,
To sparkle with that smile divine.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

ANNA BARBARA CZEKAJ

General Clerical
100 Chambers Street
A perpetual smile that charms us all.



CHARLES M. CZVORNYEK

Industrial
97 Van Buren Street
*He worked and sang from morn 'til night;
No lark more blithe than he.*



CONNIE DACUNZA

General Clerical
136 Clifford Street
A pleasant girl with a pleasant smile.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

MARGUERITE T. DAHER

College Preparatory
220 Walnut Street
The power of thought—the magic of the mind.





EAST SIDE

CARMELA M. D'ALESSIO

General Clerical

288 Oliver Street

Smile—and the whole world smiles with you.



GERTRUDE A. DALLAKIAN

Business

97 Wilson Avenue

*The lights, the dances, and the ladies' eyes,
Divert your grace's sadness.*

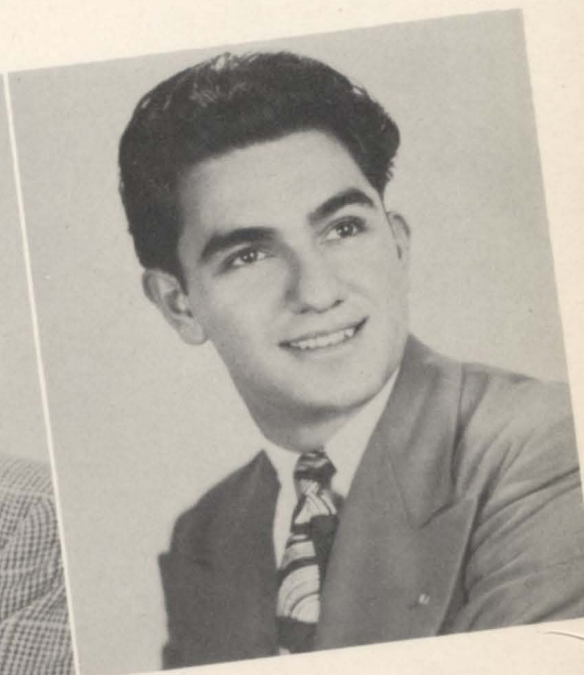


BERNIE RICHARD DAVISON

Technical

55 Oxford Street

Almost everything great has been done by youth.



ALFRED DE TULIO

Technical

202 Parkhurst Street

*Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him 'twas natural to please.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

PAULINE MARY DEVINE

Secretarial

69 Merchant Street

A quiet nature and a steadfast friend.

ANTOINETTE M. DeVINO

College Preparatory

201 Pennington Court

Whose little body lodged a mighty mind.

LOUIS SALVADOR DIAZ

Technical

137 Union Street

Sincerity is the mark of strong souls.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

ELEANOR B. DiFEDERICO

College Preparatory

181 Walnut Street

*She was jolly, kind and true,
And her laugh contagious too!*





EAST SIDE

ANNA DOLOCHECK

Secretarial

42 Main Street

Quiet persons are welcome everywhere.



FRANCES M. DOMBROWSKI

College Preparatory

328 New York Avenue

*Particular in her way, yet always jolly,
fine, and gay.*



ABEL M. DOMINGUEZ

Technical

136 Ferry Street

He is a volume if you know how to read him.



HENRIETTA R. DRZEWIECKI

General Clerical

67 Napoleon Street

*Whene'er the day becomes dull and dreary
We'll trust her to make it cheery.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

MAUREEN T. DUGAN

Secretarial
89 Garrison Street

*A happy smile for every day,
She gives to all who come her way.*



MARION M. DULL

General Clerical
164 Malvern Street
She was a phantom of delight.



ROSE MARIE DURA

College Preparatory
134 Prospect Street
The tree of knowledge in your garden grows.



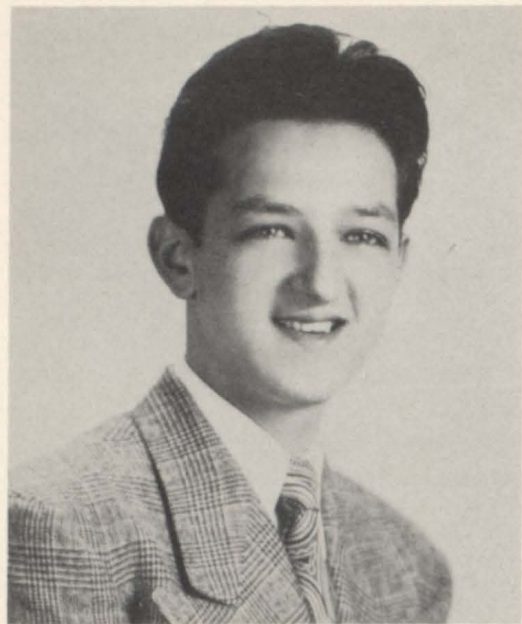
CLASS OF JUNE 1947

CARMELA E. EANDOLA

General Clerical
112 Ferry Street

It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends.





EAST SIDE

JOSEPH S. EMM

Business

92 Rome Street

Seek not to be rich but to be happy.



JOSEPHINE J. FALLONE

Secretarial

18 Monroe Street

*Always happy, always gay,
We shall remember her that way.*

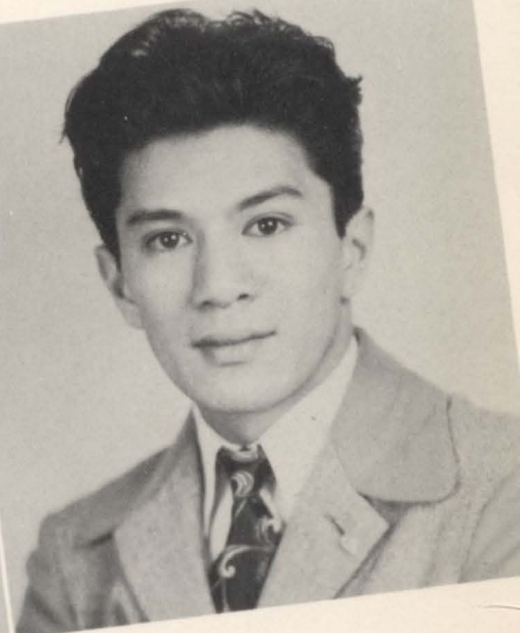


ROSE F. FARINELLA

College Preparatory

79 Jackson Street

*Capable, clever, and gay,
An all-round girl in every way.*



RAYMOND FARPARAN

Industrial

690 Bergen Street

*A nice boy one seldom finds—
He is hearty, wholesome, not unkind.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

HILDA MARIE FERNANDEZ

Business

385 Adams Street

*Gentle comes the world to those who are cast
in gentle mold.*

CARMELLA A. FERRARA

General Clerical

79 New York Avenue

A modest miss with a smile of lilacs.

EDNA FINDLEY

General Clerical

49 Camp Street

Kindness is the sunshine in which virtue grows.



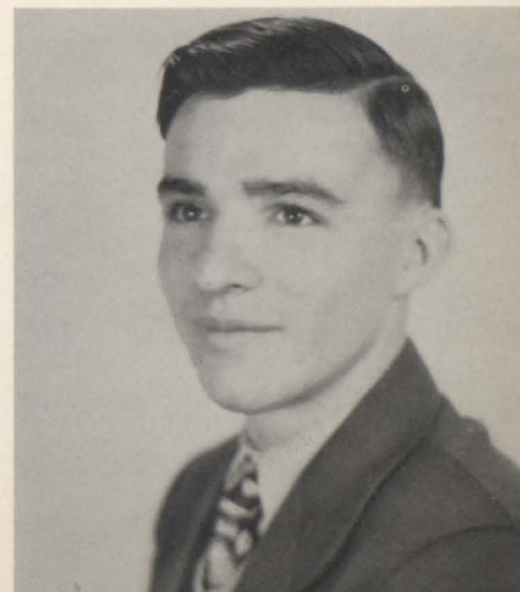
CLASS OF JUNE 1947

WILLIAM FITZSIMMONS

Technical

31 Foundry Street

A man he was to all his country dear.





EAST SIDE

EDWARD A. FLANAGAN

College Preparatory

48 Barbara Street

*Where'er he treads, they say you'll find
A trail of broken hearts behind.*

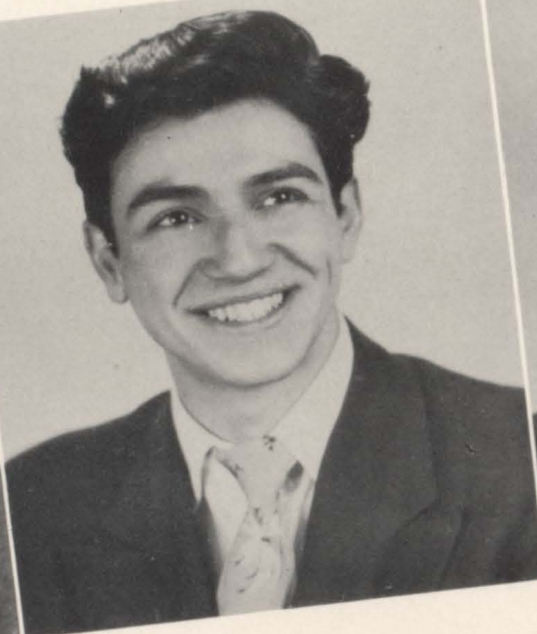


VICTOR FONG

Technical

222 Mulberry Street

*It is a rare man who works both willingly
and well.*

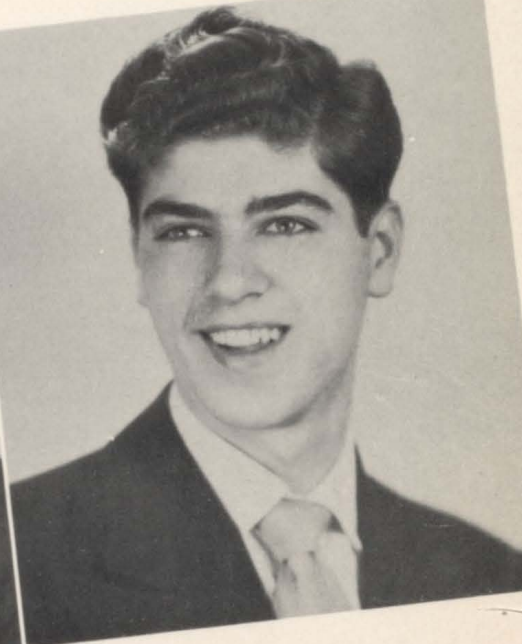


CHARLES F. FORTUNATO

College Preparatory

216 South Street

And there was a youth who loved mischief!



FRED A. GALLO

Technical

370 Walnut Street

A happy disposition is his greatest treasure.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

ELEANOR C. GENNARO

Secretarial

145 South Munn Avenue

*Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.*

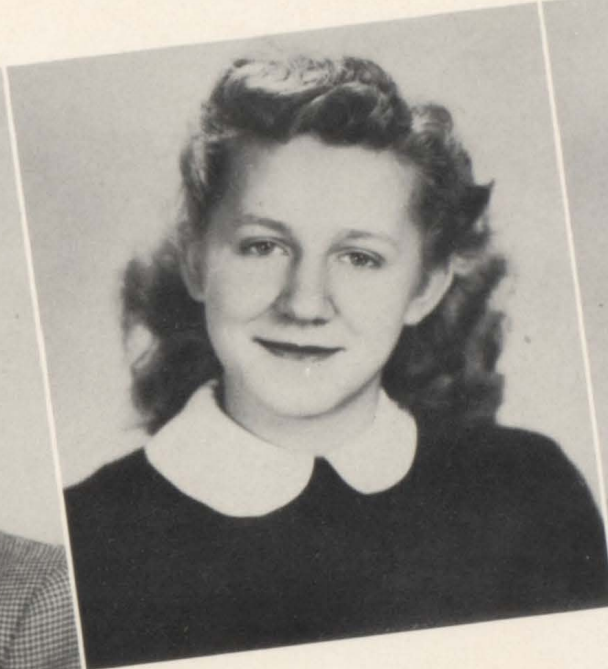


MARY T. GOLEMBIEWSKI

Secretarial

251 New York Avenue

A violet by a mossy stone.



IRENE ROSE GRABOWSKI

Secretarial

48 Read Street

*From the top of her head to the tip of her toes,
she's grand.*



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

MARGARET MARY GRILLO

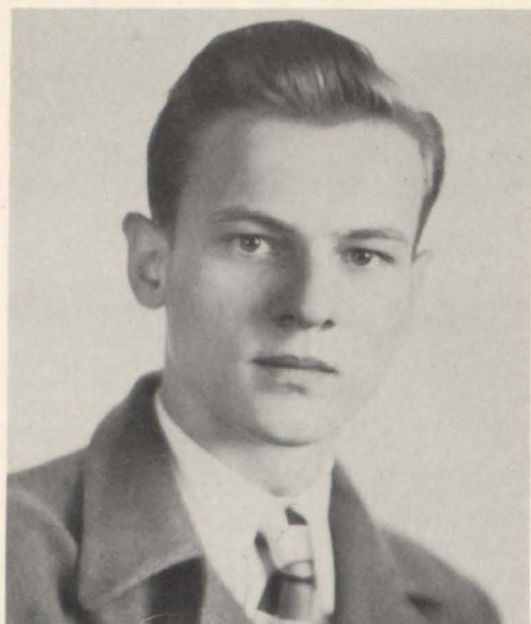
Secretarial

75 Malvern Street

*I've had my full measure of laughter
and pleasure.*



EAST SIDE



KENNETH A. GRODZICKI

Technical

79 Jackson Street

Quiet, but of sterling quality.



LOUISE EMILIE GRUSKOS

Secretarial

265 New York Avenue

*A jovial smile and twinkling eyes,
A joyful laugh and never a sigh.*



CALVIN HECHT

Technical

121 Ferry Street

Carefree and gay, liked by all who knew him.



DORIS M. HENNINGER

Secretarial

265 New York Avenue

*With a dance and song
She will live her life long.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

IRENE ANNA HOLLAND

Secretarial

465 Ferry Street

*Words fail us when we turn to you,
Who are so loyal, kind, and true.*



PETER JOHN HOLLER

Technical

106 Houston Street

Friendly as only a friend can be.

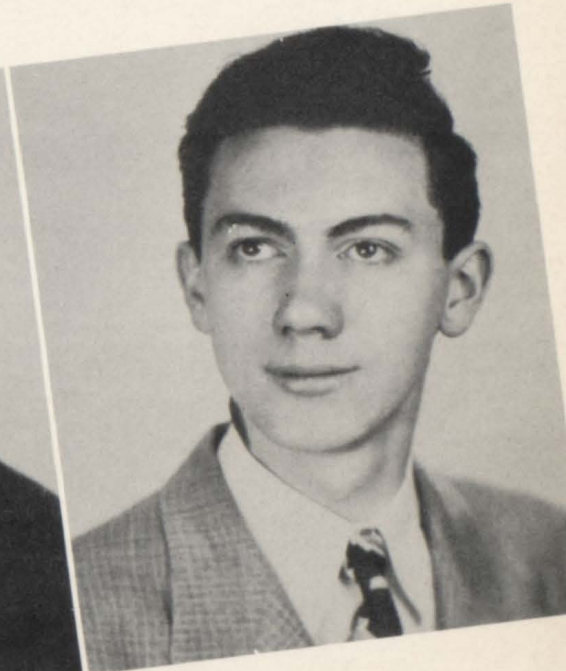


ROBERT JAMES HOLLERAN

College Preparatory

284 Van Buren Street

Men of few words are the best men.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

MARIE PATRICIA HYNES

Secretarial

154 Adams Street

*I found the way dreary,
So I made it cheery.*





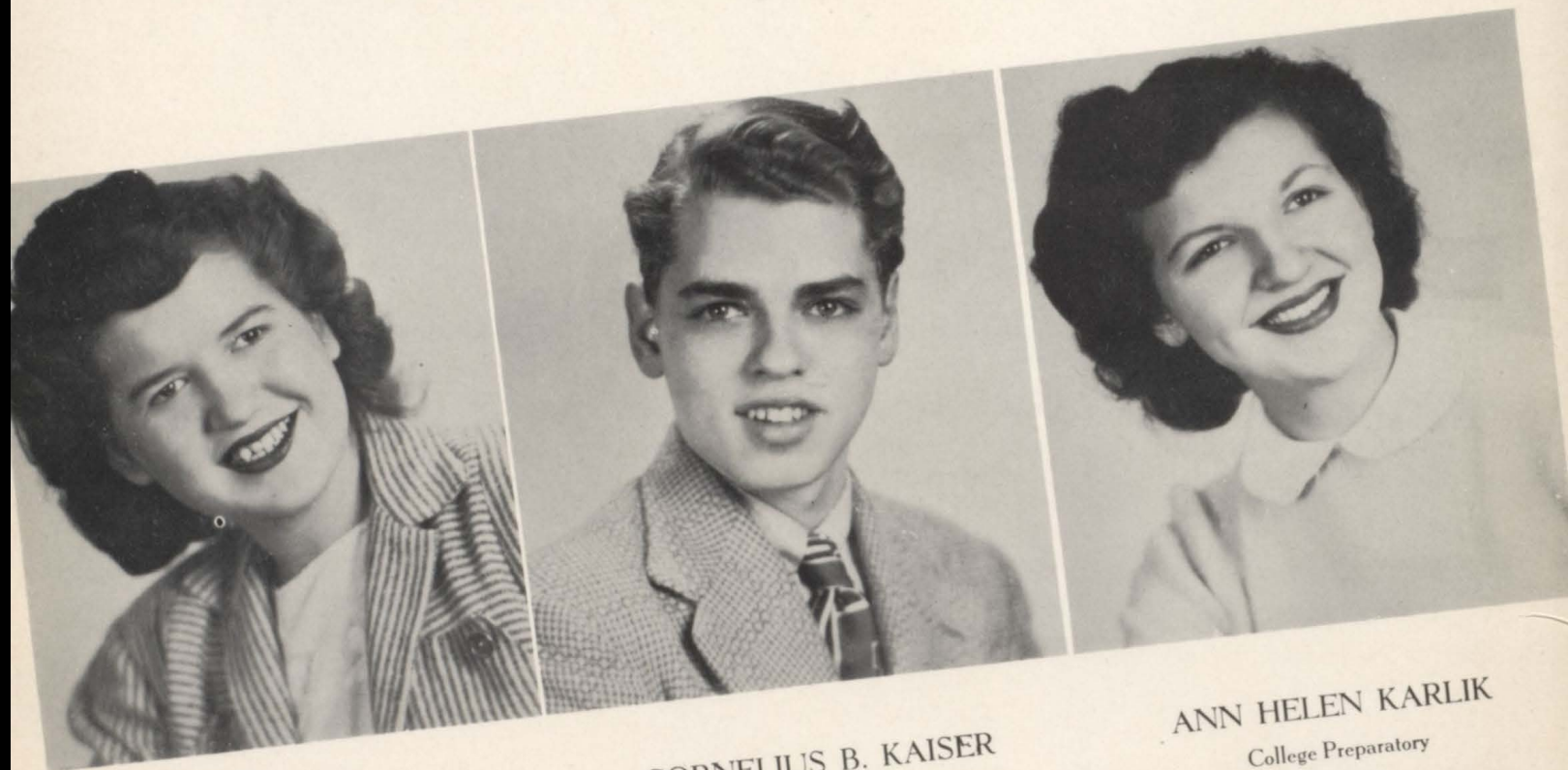
EAST SIDE

ANTOINETTE INGUAGGIATO

General Clerical

135 Congress Street

*A quiet girl of sterling worth,
Is more than all the gold on earth.*



WANDA J. JANUSE

Secretarial

429 South 7th Street

A person as quiet is welcome everywhere.

CORNELIUS B. KAISER

Technical

401 Lafayette Street

There are unspoken volumes in his eyes.

ANN HELEN KARLIK

College Preparatory

12 Wall Street

She is always laughing, for she has infinite wit.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

FRANK J. KELLETT

Technical

62 Kossuth Street

There are some silent people who are more interesting than the best talkers.

LORRAINE C. KIMBLE

Secretarial

88 Marne Street

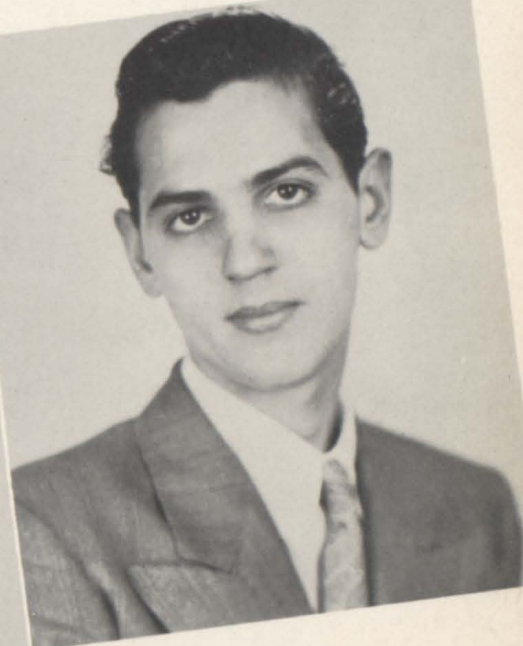
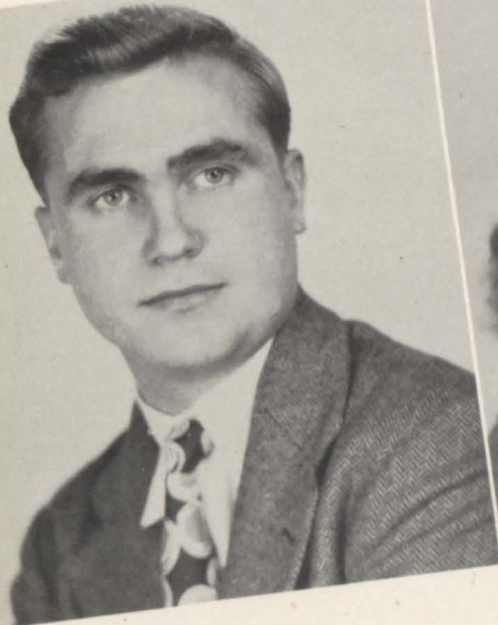
A smile of hers is an act of grace.

JOHN A. KLENA

Technical

106 Komorn Street

To him life is just a hurdle to be cleared.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

WALTER V. KLOSOWSKI

Technical

57 Joseph Street

My skies are seldom gray.





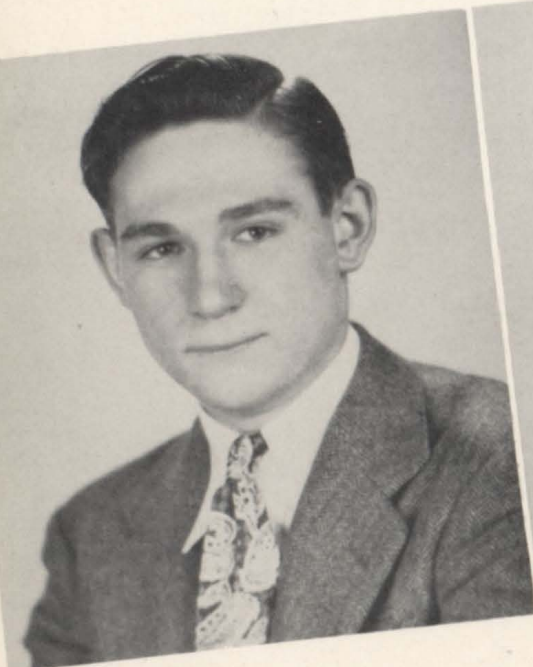
EAST SIDE

IRENE KOPCIK

Secretarial

86 Pulaski Street

Speech is silver; silence golden.



EDWARD J. KOPEC

Technical

72 Napoleon Street

One who is liked by all.



PAUL KOSSACK

Industrial

9 Oxford Street

Silence is bliss.



JEAN D. KOWALESKI

General Clerical

80 Jackson Street

There is no meanness about her.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

WANDA KRETSCHMER

Secretarial

75 Columbia Street

Is she so quiet, so demure?
Maybe, but don't be too sure.



JOHN JOSEPH KRYSIAK

Civic

74 Ann Street

Good sport, good friend, good natured.



OLGA KUNDRAT

Secretarial

92 Chapel Street

Joy rises in me like a summer's morn.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

BRUNO JOSEPH KURDYLA

Technical

412 Walnut Street

A regular fellow and a true friend.





EAST SIDE

GEORGIANN LABOWSKY

Secretarial

12-5-1A Roanoke Avenue

Her ways are always pleasantness.



JOSEPHINE M. LaCORTE

Secretarial

386 Lafayette Street

This girl is destined to excel in all undertakings.



RENÉE C. LANGSTROTH

College Preparatory

59 South Street

She has a kindness all her own.



ROSE A. LANIA

College Preparatory

133 Pacific Street

*She is a persistent, willing worker,
And is bound to reach her goal.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

MARIE C. LaRUSSO

Business

175 Walnut Street

Gracious and friendly, two charming virtues.



RUTH L. LAU

Secretarial

83 Magazine Street

Living jewels dropped unstained from heaven.



DORIS LAURENZANO

Secretarial

123 South Seventh Street

*Ere she was born, the star of fate
Plotted to make her fine and great.*



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

EVELYN A. LENTOWSKI

Secretarial

303 New York Avenue

*Gleaming head and golden hair,
Laughing lips and eyes of air.*





EAST SIDE

LOUISE LEPORE

Secretarial

11 Barbara Street

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.



ANNE L. LIBERTAZZO

Secretarial

81 Garden Street

*Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.*

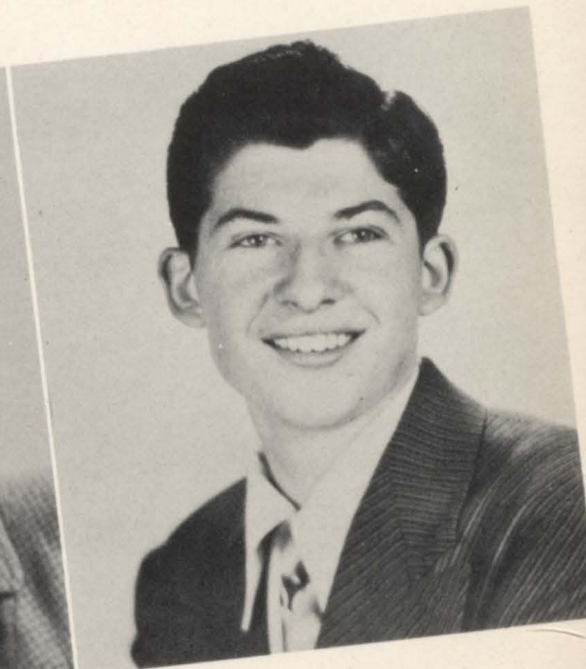


HELEN LISCINSKI

Business

18 Wall Street

Quiet nature and a steadfast friend.



JOSEPH LOBODA

Technical

272 New York Avenue

*Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
Like instincts, unawares.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

ARNOLD LODATO

Technical
146 Avenue I

The most magnificent sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.

NICHOLAS D. LORUSSO

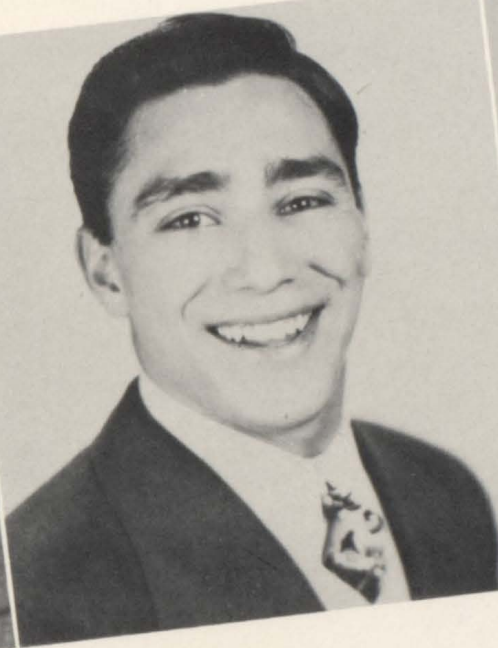
College Preparatory
307 Elm Street

He proved himself a collector—not only of class dues, but also of friends.

ANNE THERESA LOSADA

Secretarial
72 Magazine Street

And her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece



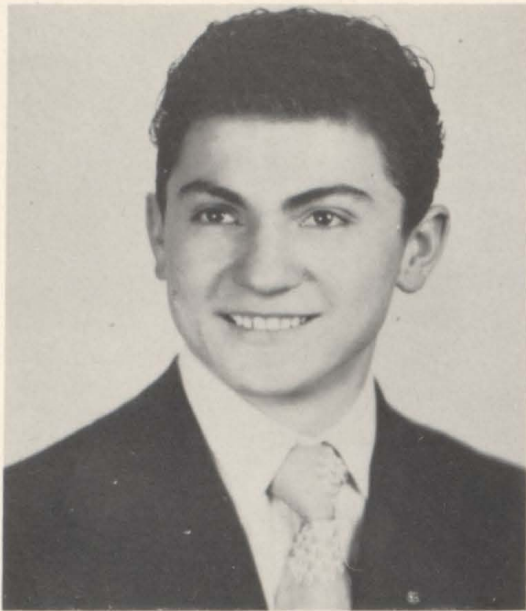
CLASS OF JUNE 1947

VINCENT C. LUPPINO

Business
113 McWhorter Street
Fond of fun as one can be.



EAST SIDE



WILLIAM C. A. MACCARELLI

College Preparatory

276 Mulberry Street

*And more than wisdom, more than wealth—
A merry heart that laughs at care.*



FRANCES T. MAJEWSKI

Business

106 Pulaski Street

*Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,
And it is that which crowns a welcome.*



AMELIA O. MALANGONE

Secretarial

279 Walnut Street

Calm, serene, yet gay withal.



ROSEMARIE MALGERI

General Clerical

118 Pacific Street

A blithe and merry maid.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

JOSEPH JOHN MANASIA

Technical

23 Warwick Street

Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

RICHARD A. MARASHLIAN

College Preparatory

34 Nichols Street

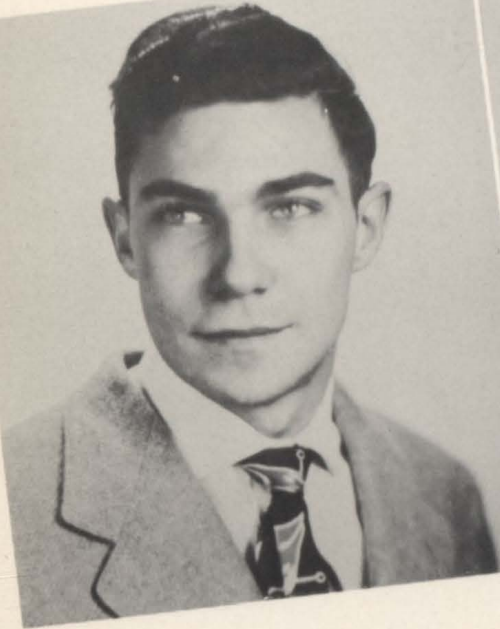
Lord of the golden tongue and smiling eyes;
Great out of season and untimely wise.

MARY MARCHUK

General Clerical

112 Houston Street

And grace that won who she saw to wish
her way.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

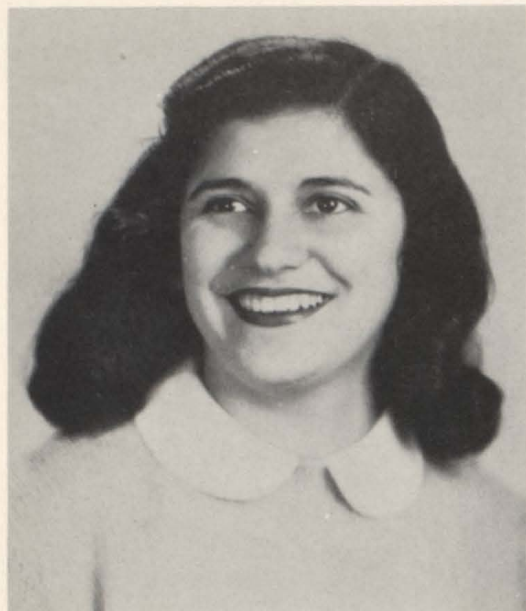
VERA E. MARQUARDT

Secretarial

75 Kossuth Street

For company, but in the very room
My lady warms and brightens with her presence.





EAST SIDE

FRANCES M. MARSELLA

Secretarial

382 Chestnut Street

*Dark eyes—eternal soul of pride,
Deep life in all that's true!*



JOHN A. MARZELLA

Technical

370 Walnut Street

*He's just a boy, you'll admit,
Happy, smiling, full of wit.*

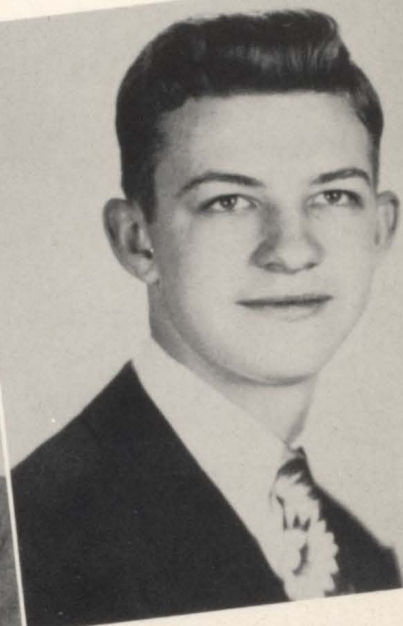


FRANK MASEZZA

Technical

532 South 20th Street

*Friendship is the only cement that will
ever hold the world together.*



HARRY L. MASKER

Technical

153 Brill Street

He made many friends, never a foe.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

KATHRYN HELEN MAURO

Secretarial

320 Chestnut Street

There is no better virtue than cheerfulness.

SUSAN MAZZILLO

Secretarial

80 Nicholas Street

*A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred.*

BARBARA MARY McHARDY

General Clerical

608 Raymond Boulevard

*Oh! could you view the melody of every grace,
And music of her face.*



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

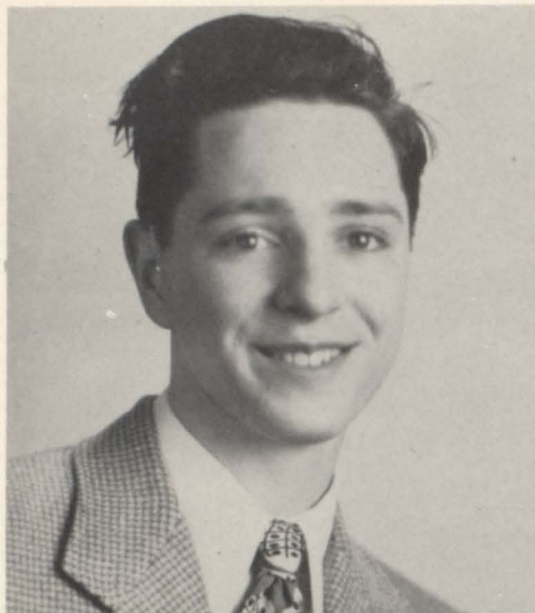
ESTELLE MEIGHAN

Secretarial

142 Elm Street

*The music in my heart I bore long after
it was heard no more.*





EAST SIDE

ALAN L. METZGER

Technical

106 Ann Street

*His own character is the arbiter of
every one's fortune.*

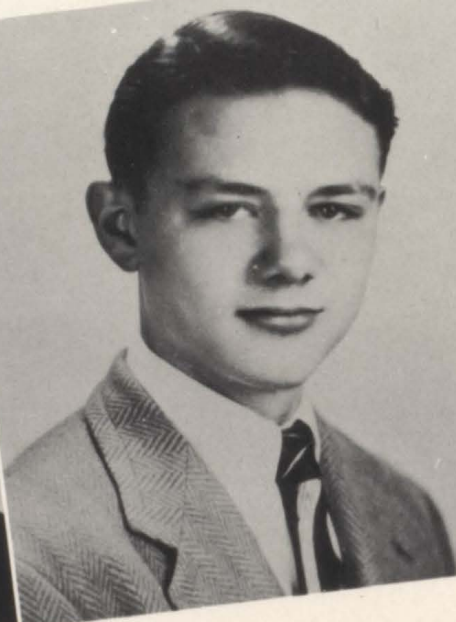


DORIS LOUISE METZGER

College Preparatory

202 Ferry Street

See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring.



RAYMOND J. MILEWSKI

Technical

25 Fillmore Street

Happy I am, from care I'm free.



MARIO MIRANDA

Technical

66 Nichols Street

*Some think the world was made for fun and
frolic, and so do I.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

THOMAS MISKE

Technical
123 Polk Street
A friendly smile and a quiet way.



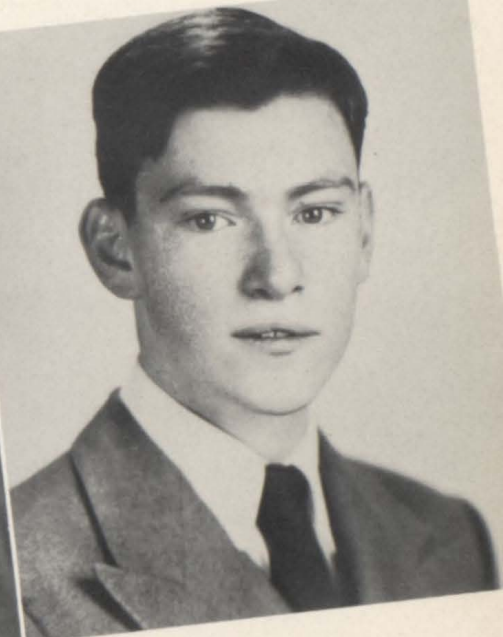
ROMONA S. MITELSKI

Secretarial
77 Lincoln Avenue
*Good company on a journey makes the way
seem shorter.*



JOHN FRED MOLITOR

Industrial
33 Read Street
And a jolly good fellow was he.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

FLORENCE L. MORSCHER

College Preparatory
98 Gotthart Street
Sweet as a primrose.





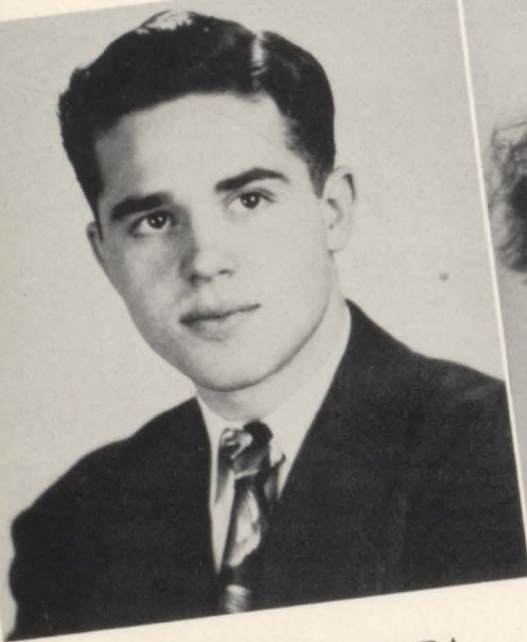
EAST SIDE

RICHARD HENRY MORYL

Technical

394 Walnut Street

The right man in the right place.



VICTOR SANTOS MOURA

Technical

177 Walnut Street

No matter what he did, he did it well.



RUTH ANN MULHALL

Secretarial

91 Brill Street

*For nature made her what she is,
And never made another.*



STANLEY NAGIEWICZ

Technical

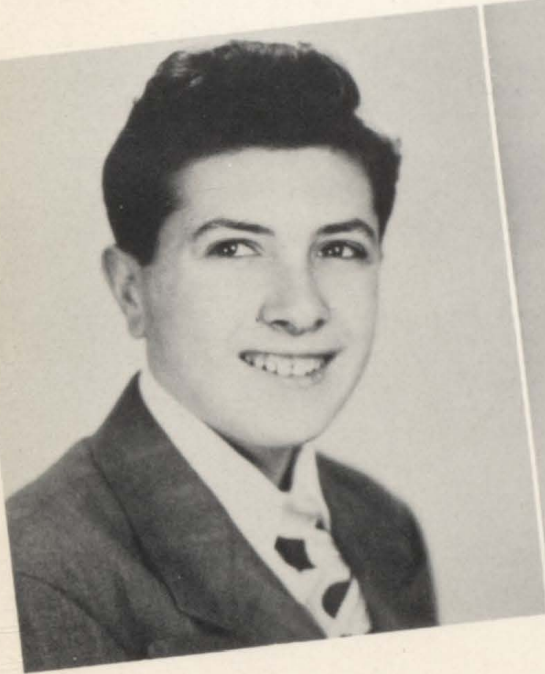
434 Walnut Street

He is friendly as he is natural.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

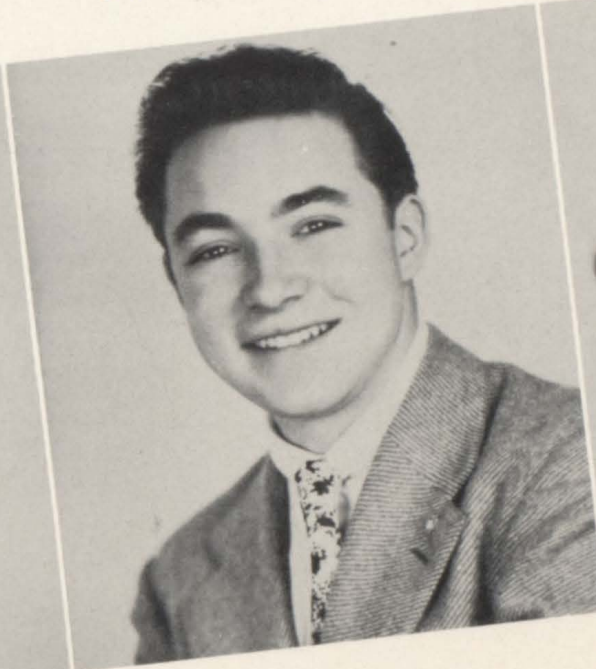
ARNOLD ANTHONY NASTO

Technical
281 Chestnut Street
He's always as happy as he can be.



RICHARD J. NESTINGER

Technical
30 Hensler Street
There's a genial manliness in him.



ANNA LUCILLE NOBILE

College Preparatory
194 South Street
She has a kindness all her own.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

CARMELLA M. NOBILE

General Clerical
61 Madison Street
*A happy bright lass is she
Never an old maid will she be.*





EAST SIDE

ELSIE MARGARET O'LASKY

College Preparatory

276 Ferry Street

*A charming girl with modest air
Who patiently seeks learning rare.*

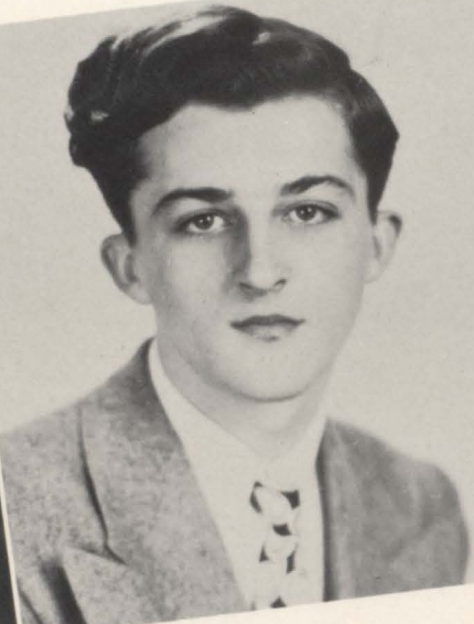


PATRICK CHARLES O'SHEA

Technical

101 Komorn Street

Seek not to be rich but to be happy.



JOHN G. OSINSKI

Business

190 Ferry Street

*Possessed with an admirable disposition
and character.*



ANNA OSTROWSKI

College Preparatory

17 Van Buren Street

The mildest manners and the greatest heart.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

AGNES OUTCALT

Business
483 Mulberry Street
Good natured as the day is long.



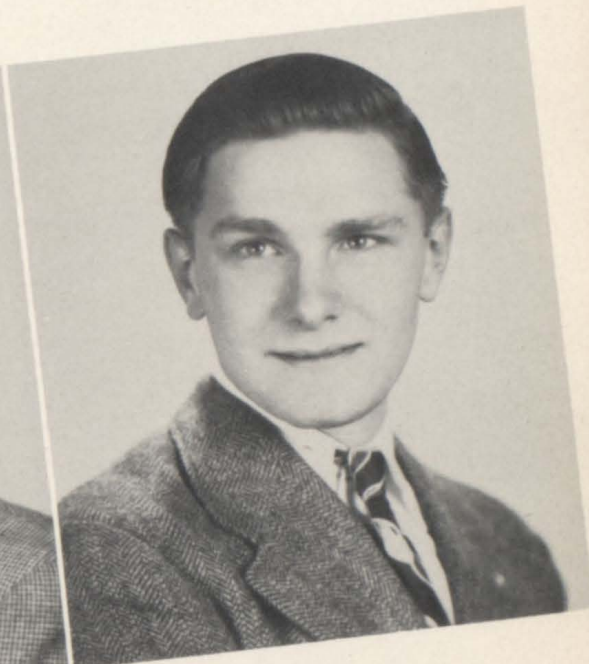
RICHARD THOMAS OZIMEK

College Preparatory
88 Pulaski Street
A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.



FRANK A. PACHANA

Technical
60 Elm Road
He has his opinions although he may not
voice them.

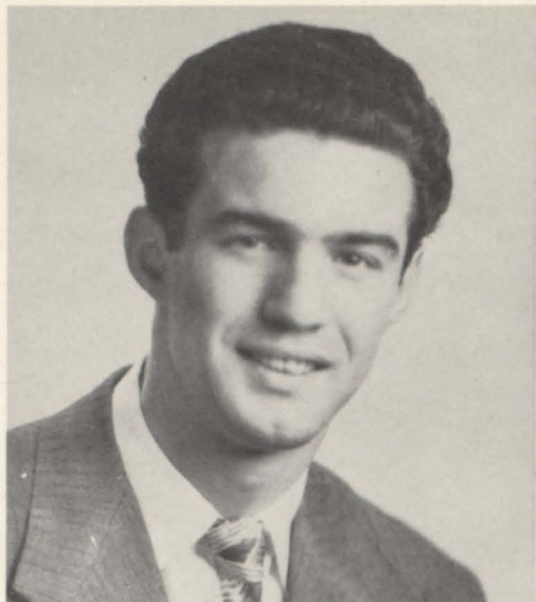


CLASS OF JUNE 1947

FELIX EMIL PAGANO

Technical
22 Goble Street
He is a hard, willing worker,
And is bound to go far.





EAST SIDE

MICHAEL J. PALLITTO

Civic

315 Walnut Street

Athletics are his one great joy.



ROBERT E. PALLITTO

Civic

315 Walnut Street

Answer to a maiden's prayer.



ROSE ANN PALLITTO

General Clerical

216 South Street

Her smile lingers on.



MICHAEL PALUMBO

Technical

51 Clover Street

*If work interferes with pleasure,
give up work.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

THERESA F. PASELLI

General Clerical
119 Pacific Street

*A good heart is better than all the heads
in the world.*

ERNEST JOHN PATAKY

Technical
394 Eighteenth Avenue

*Combined sports with studies and excelled
in both.*

CORRINE PEREZ

General Clerical
66 Congress Street

*How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking 'til she sings.*



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

MARION E. PETRACCA

Secretarial
20 Warwick Street

*And looks commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.*





EAST SIDE

AGNES ANN PETTI

General Clerical

213 Elm Street

Give me your smile, the lovelight in your eyes.



ANN PETTI

Secretarial

70 Nichols Street

An amiable and jolly way has she.

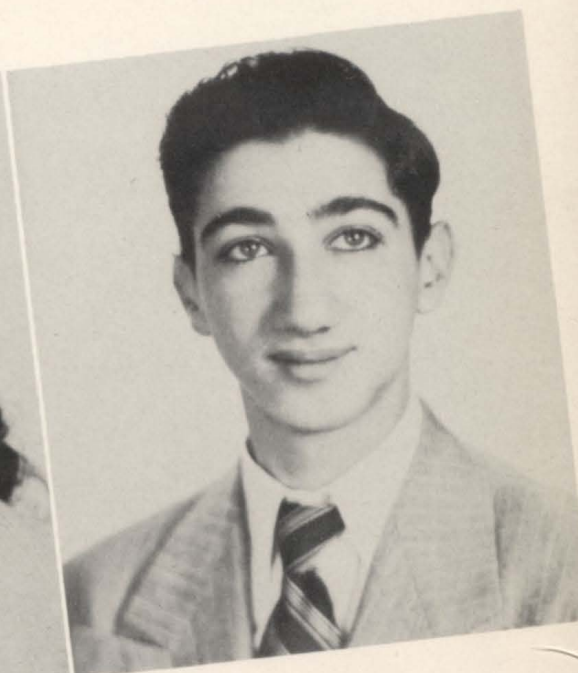


MARIE PETTI

Secretarial

220 Jefferson Street

Her knowledge has no end.



JAMES FRANK PICA

Technical

196 Littleton Avenue

Sprinkle life's day with minutes of merriment.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

IRENE HELEN PIELACH

Business

305 New York Avenue

*And something more than melody dwells ever
in her words.*

IRENE W. PIETRANOWICH

Secretarial

69 Avenue L

*Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds.*

JANE D. PISZCATOSKI

Business

235 Elm Street

Her smile is the sweetest that was ever seen.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

JOSEPHINE Y. POLICASTRO

General Clerical

15 Delancy Street

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.





EAST SIDE

VITA ROSE POLICASTRO

Business

283 Adams Street

A girl with a personality out of this world.



HOWARD WILLIAM PRICE

College Preparatory

146 Ferry Street

*His words, like so nimble and airy servitors,
Trip about him at command.*



CARMELLA K. PUCCIARELLO

Secretarial

28 Nichols Street

*Her smile, like sunshine,
Darts into many a sunless heart.*



DOMINICK C. PUCCIARELLO

College Preparatory

98 Elm Road

*The best and noblest lives are those which
are set towards high ideals.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

FRANK EMIL PULICARO

Technical

101 Malvern Street

*Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow.*

CATHERINE L. QUIRK

Secretarial

40 Schalk Street

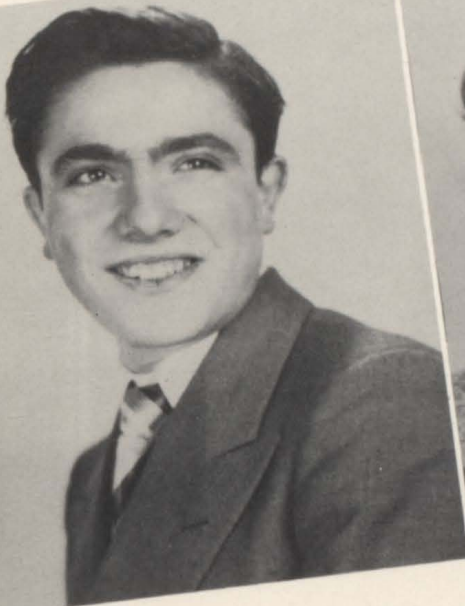
Your voice is gentle as the touch of Spring.

LAURA RABIEJ

Business

834 Raymond Boulevard

*Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me.*



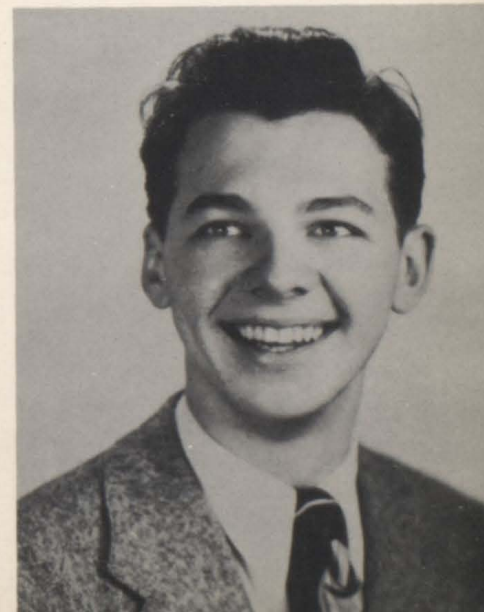
CLASS OF JUNE 1947

THADDEUS F. RACZKA

College Preparatory

40 Darcy Street

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune.





EAST SIDE

WALTER PETER REGAL

Technical

23 Fleming Avenue

Speech is silver; silence golden.



JANICE RICHMAN

College Preparatory

95 Ann Street

"Silence is a fence around wisdom.



JAMES A. RIEPE

Civic

168 Pacific Street

*There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.*



SOPHIE VIRGINIA ROCK

General Clerical

17 Merchant Place

*Bend on me thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

ALBERT J. ROGERS

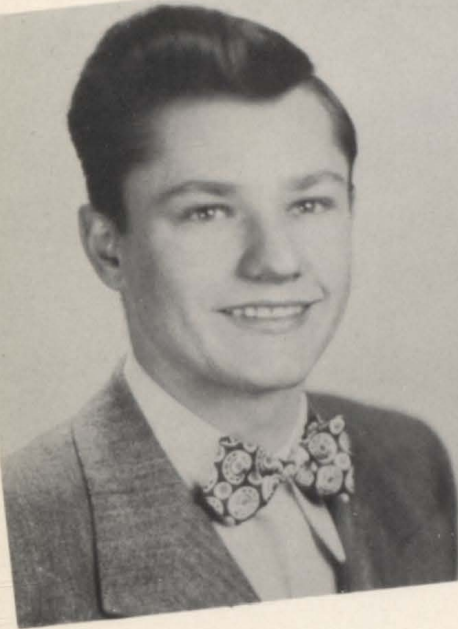
Technical
87 Van Buren Street
With malice toward none.

HELEN C. ROJEWSKI

Secretarial
20 Garrison Street
*I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side.*

MARY ANN ROLPH

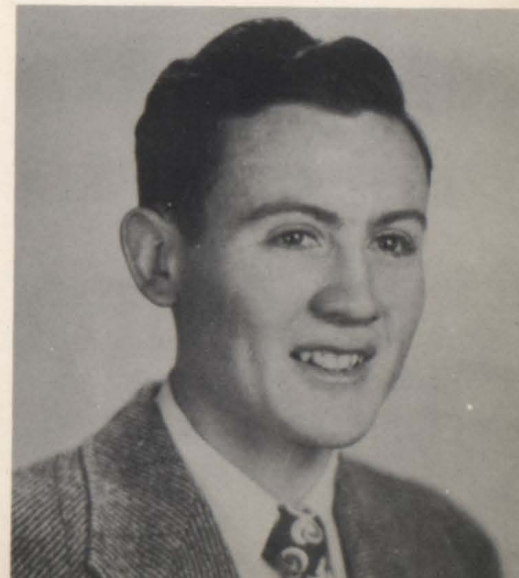
College Preparatory
116 Prospect Street
*Most learned of the fair,
Most fair of the learned.*



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

DAVID MICHAEL RONAN

Technical
42 Barbara Street
A friend that is warm and steady.





EAST SIDE

MARIE C. ROSATI

Secretarial

54 Ferry Street

*O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.*



ANTHONY L. ROSSI

Civic

390 Walnut Street

*From the crown of his head to the sole of his
foot, is all mirth.*



GERALDINE A. ROTONDO

General Clerical

153 Malvern Street

Her presence brings joy.



JENNY ROSE RUSSO

General Clerical

172 Thomas Street

A quiet maid; never bold of spirit.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

GLORIA SAINZ

Secretarial
39 Adams Street
Angels listen when she speaks.

JOSEPH A. SAK

Civic
281 New York Avenue
Music hath charms; so have musicians.

ROSALIE SALLES

General Clerical
190 Ferry Street
Her dancing eyes light up the darkest places.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

LUCILLE M. SAN GIACOMO

Business
239 Lafayette Street
*A sweet attractive kind of grace,
Continual comfort in a face.*





EAST SIDE

ANGELINA J. SARDO

General Clerical

86 Jefferson Street

*Her angel face, as the great eye of heaven,
shined bright.*



HAROLD W. SCHEUBEL

Technical

89 Lang Street

There's jest on his lips if it's laughter you need.

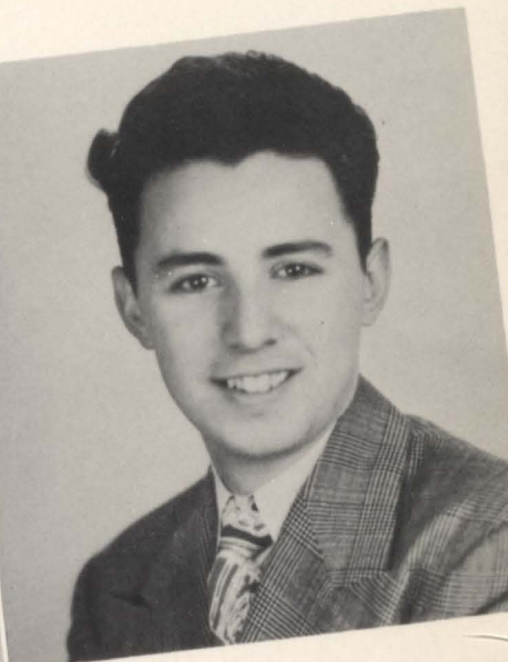


ROBERT W. SELECKY

Industrial

24 Patterson Street

Fame called in his career when baseball called.



SALVATORE M. SELLARI

Business

368 Elm Street

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

MARIE A. SENATORE

General Clerical

396 Chestnut Street

*A sweet maid, with the light of dawn
sparkling in her eyes.*

PHILIP SFRAGA

Technical

210 Van Buren Street

He has no enemies.

JOHN H. SHAW, JR.

Industrial

192 Pennington Street

A moral, sensible, well-bred man.



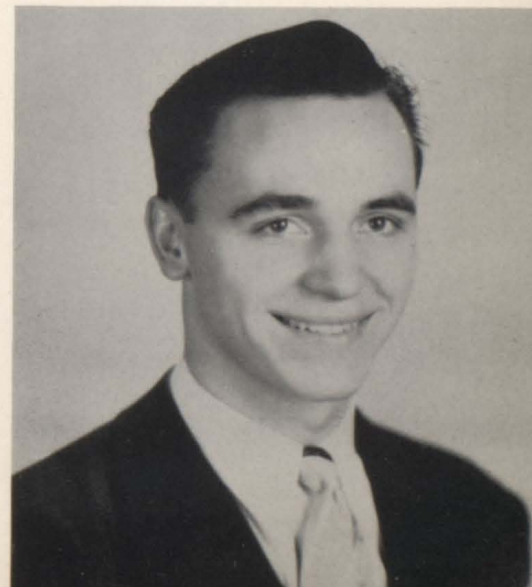
CLASS OF JUNE 1947

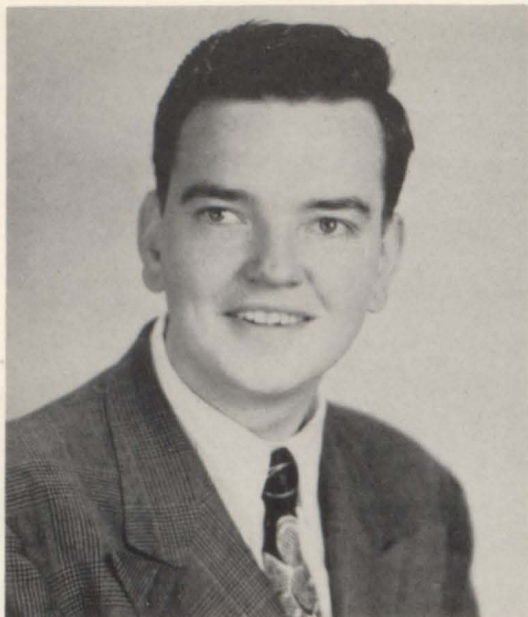
NICHOLAS SHYMKO

Technical

615½ Ferry Street

*An athlete, a worker, and a man known for his
spirit of good fellowship.*





EAST SIDE

EDWARD J. SIBERRY

General Clerical

16 Camp Street

There are unspoken volumes in his eyes.



ANN SIEPOLIGO

Secretarial

89 Darcy Street

Is she not more than a painting can express?



EILEEN F. SMIALKOWSKI

Secretarial

88 Pulaski Street

The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known.



LORRAINE H. SMITH

Business

168 Brill Street

*Happy, jolly, full of glee,
Thy manner is from sorrow free.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

JOAN THERESA SNEE

College Preparatory
247 Walnut Street

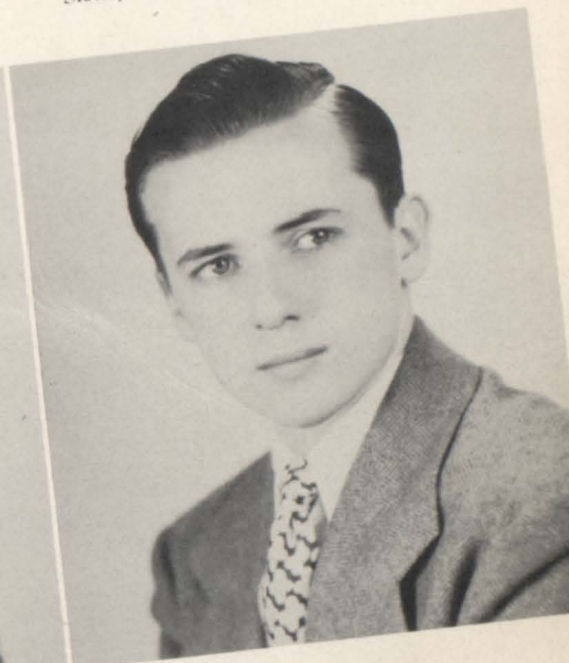
She who is quiet, deserves the most attention.

WALTER F. SOLTYS

Technical
43 Fleming Avenue
A genial fellow true of heart.

JOHN FRANCIS SOWINSKI

Technical
66 Elm Road
Slowly but surely he thinks before he acts.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

M. MAGDALENE SPECHT

Business
96 Kossuth Street

*It's nice to be natural, when you re
naturally nice.*





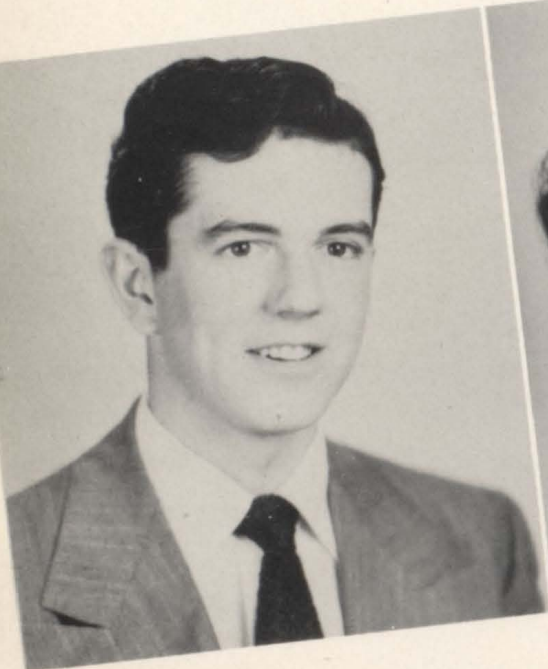
EAST SIDE

WILLIAM F. STEFANELLI

Technical

11 Merchant Place

"Quietness is not his nature."



JOSEPH ROBERT STOCK

Technical

205 Warwick Street

*I don't worry, I don't care,
I don't hurry anywhere.*



MARY B. STOECKEL

Secretarial

361 Walnut Street

*Come let's joke and make merry;
I have no time to weep or worry.*



JOSEPHINE A. STOIA

General Clerical

232 Oliver Street

A merry heart goeth all the day.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

CHESTER J. SULEWSKI

College Preparatory
283 Adams Street

*A man so various that he seemed to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.*

WALTER P. SUSHKO

Technical

57 Pulaski Street

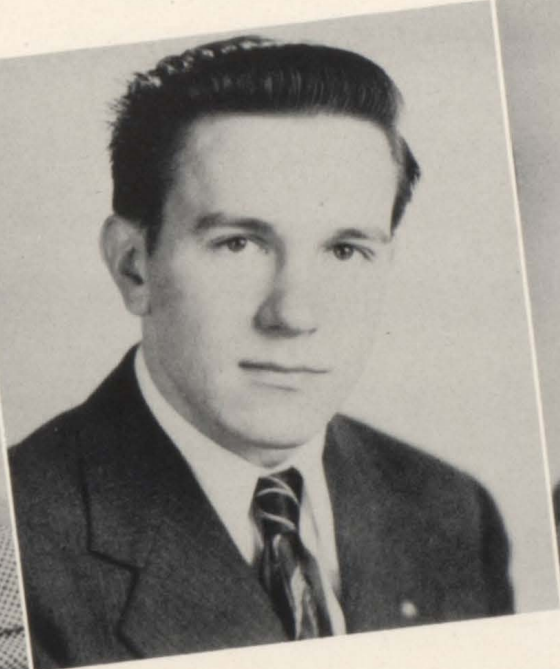
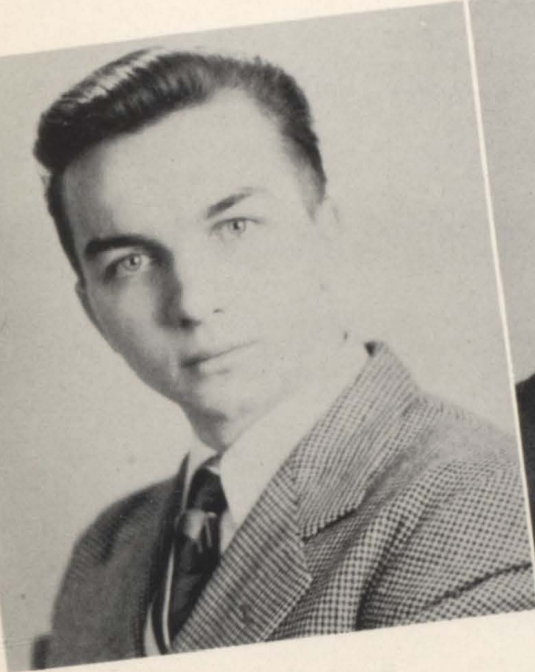
His victories and glories are his own.

ROBERT SWEENEY

Technical

1 Horatio Court

*My only books were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.*



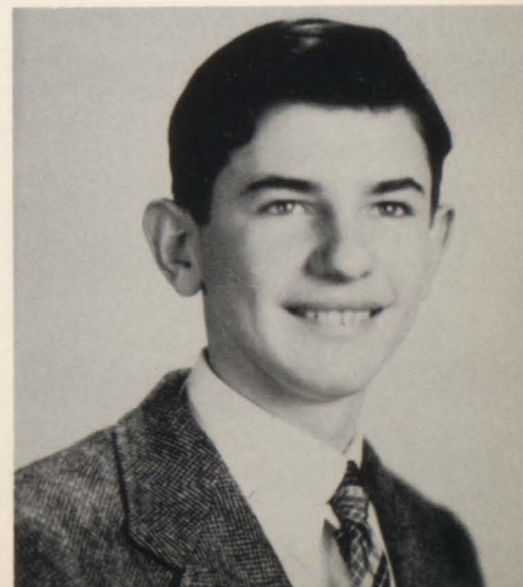
CLASS OF JUNE 1947

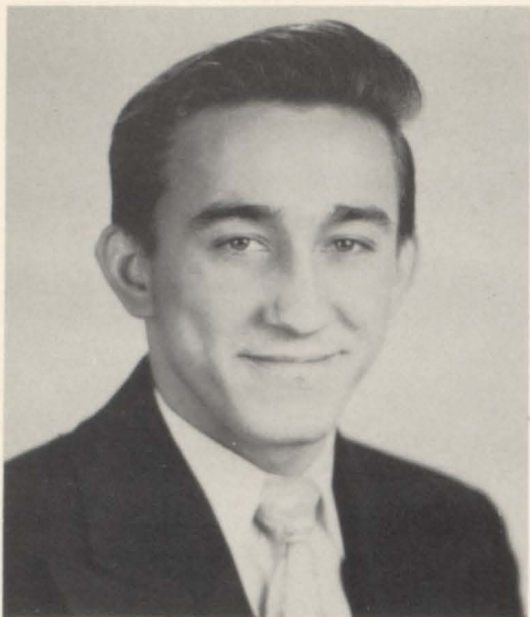
JOHN F. SZCZEPANSKI

Technical

438 Walnut Street

*His time is forever,
Everywhere his place.*





EAST SIDE

ERNEST SZEPESSY

Civic

109 Wilson Avenue

Life is dull without a corny joke.

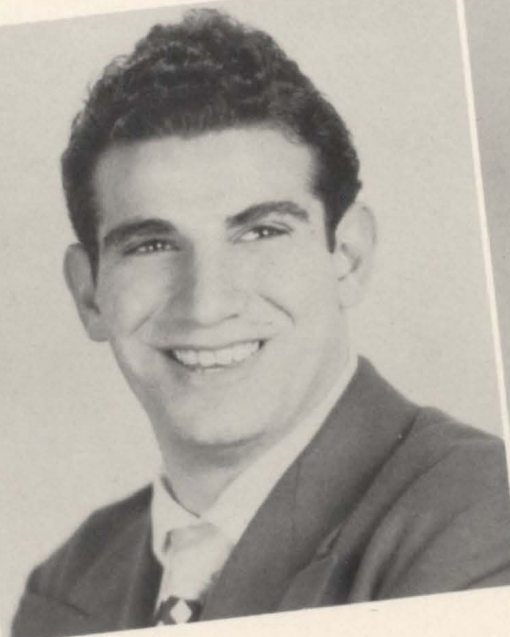


DOLORES M. TAMBURRI

College Preparatory

109 Pennington Street

For the beauty of a lovely woman is like music.



JAMES S. TINGOLI

Technical

615 North Fifth Street

Humor is the foam on the wave of life.



FRANCES TOMEO

Secretarial

155 Walnut Street

She has a heart for every joy.

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

THERESA M. TORRENS

General Clerical
2 McWhorter Street

*Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.*

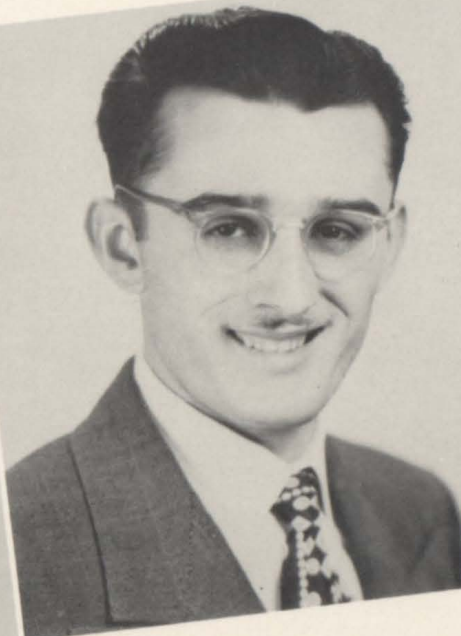
ALBERT FRED TRIANO

Civic
97 Nichols Street

*It matters not what you are thought to be,
but what you are.*

ANNA VANKULIC

Business
161 Emmet Street
A carefree, jolly maid is she.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

ANN VENTRE

Secretarial
115 New York Avenue

No one but herself can be her equal.





EAST SIDE

DIANA MARY VENTRE

Secretarial

13 Nichols Street

Her talents were more of the silent class.



MARGARET V. WARNER

General Clerical

177 Van Buren Street

A follower of mirth was she.



LEONORA J. WEATHERS

Secretarial

165 Polk Street

*Golden hair, like sunlight streaming on
the marble of her shoulders.*



JEANNE A. WILLIAMS

College Preparatory

108 Pennington Street

*Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
a tone of some world far from ours.*

COMMERCIAL AND TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

FRANK WOLF

Technical

73 Lang Street

*Dependable as the day is long.
His mind is masterful and strong.*

JOAN YANCOSKY

Secretarial

421 Walnut Street

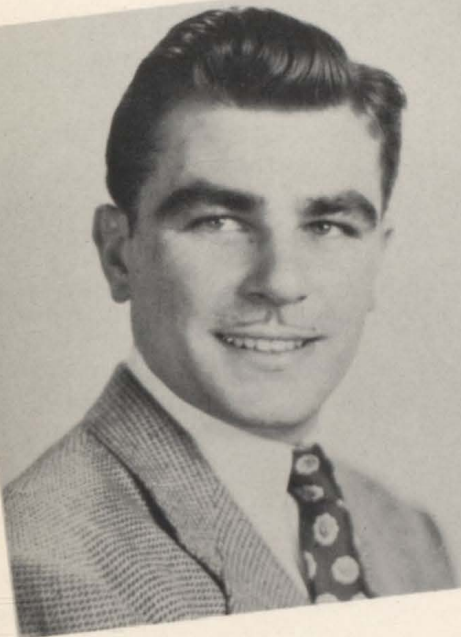
Simplicity is great.

ALBERT JOSEPH YONADI

Technical

85 Green Street

Here was a man to hold against the world.



CLASS OF JUNE 1947

ALBINA T. ZARYCH

Secretarial

325 Elm Street

*She moves like a goddess,
And looks like a queen.*





JOSEPH ZATORSKI

Industrial

142 Ivy Street, Kearny

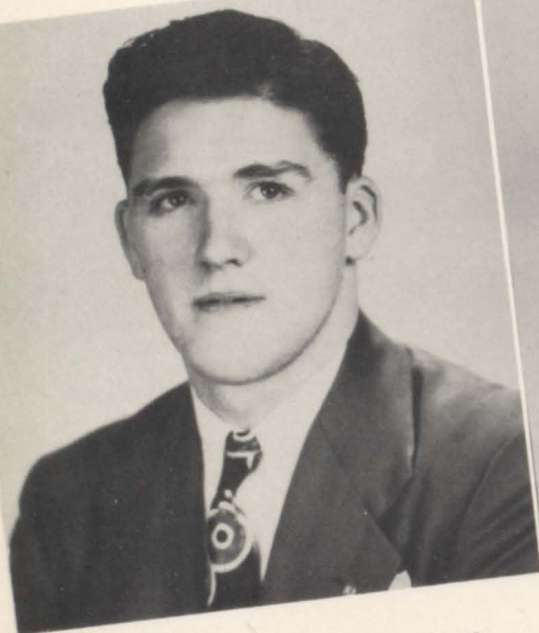
His heart is made of simple manly stuff.

DOROTHY H. ZINKIEWICZ

Secretarial

683 Ferry Street

Her ways are always pleasantness.



CHARLES JOSEPH ZERN

Technical

11 Komorn Street

*If the heart of man is filled with cares,
It is dispell'd when a woman appears.*



VERONICA J. ZIENIEWICZ

General Clerical

76 Chambers Street

*She's just the quiet type whose nature
never varies.*



DANIEL C. ZIOBRO

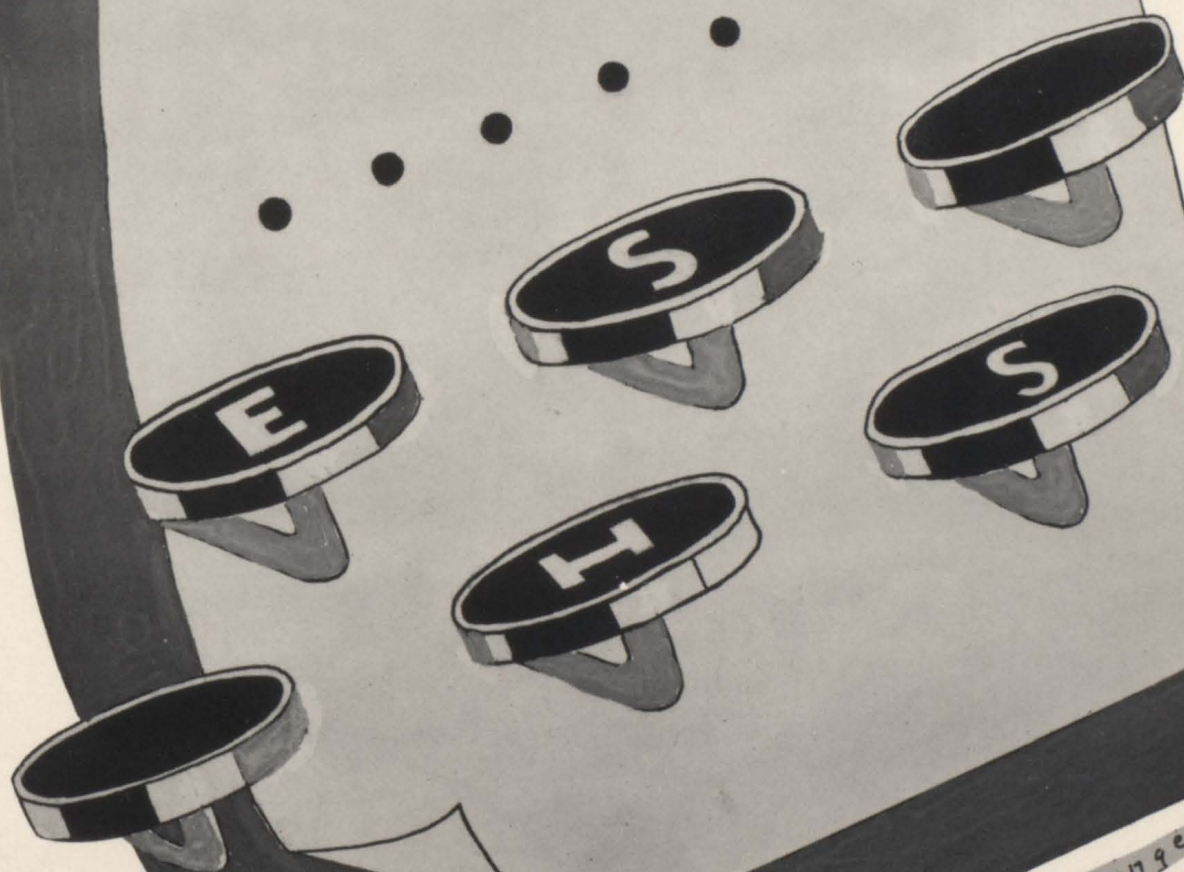
Technical

88 Pulaski Street

The world will seem rosy the day I graduate.



Our Story



Doris Henninger

The Best Years of Our Lives

A CLASS HISTORY

WHILE sitting here in the auditorium gazing solemnly into space, nostalgic memories fill our hearts as our minds drift back—back—back.

Remember sitting nervously in the auditorium while waiting our room assignments? What a nice principal we thought Mr. Horwitz was (that's how much we knew!). Then having to bear the remarks which the Seniors jokingly would throw at us and vowing that we would get even in the future.

And that cafeteria!!—our first conception of lunchtime bliss. So full of quiet and dignity, yet throbbing with vigor and life. Walking quietly and calmly to our prospective tables, we were suddenly waylaid by an avalanche of students pouring down upon us. Dazed and bewildered, we glanced meekly about, minus our books—lunches—and tables!!!

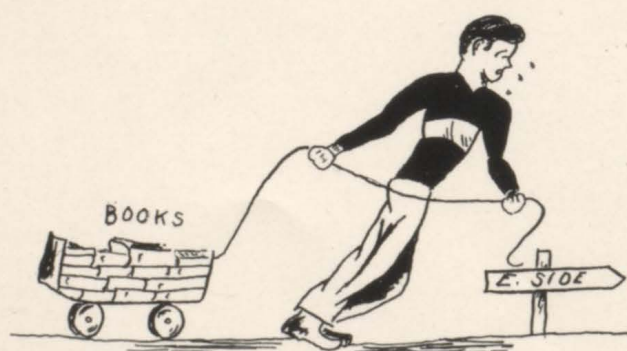
Deciding upon new tactics, thereafter, we endeavored to buy our lunches. We tore out of our classes and, at the sound of the bell, scrambled to the head of the line, eager and triumphant. What we couldn't figure out was why, when we had started at the beginning of the line, we should end up where we had started???

When we saw our enormous portions of food, we realized that the lunchroom's slogan was "Share the Meat."

Before descending into the basement we had visions of spacious lockers, where we could unload all our belongings. But then we woke up to reality. Ugh!!

How wistfully we looked at the waiting line (mostly Seniors) in front of room 109 with a Mr. Lumb vigorously writing down name after name. Maybe someday we would enjoy the privilege of being paged to go to that consultation room and make new acquaintances. How jolly!

Nervous and uncertain we sauntered down the corridors in search of our classes. And our subjects . . . full of mystery and stuff. Boy! we really worked, THEN. Night after night found us trudging home, carrying all of our books (was it nine or ten?) and burning the midnight oil. That was when we were all uneducated. One could always recognize the upper classmen! Why those lucky people must have had easy subjects and no homework because how else could they go home every day without any books? The answer to that is "where there's a will there's a way."



FRESHMAN B



FRESHMAN A

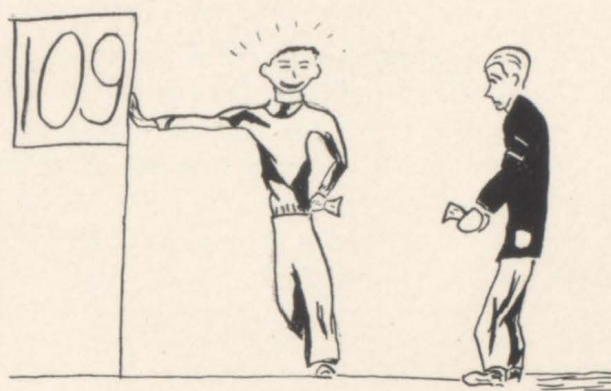
In February we became Freshie A's. We felt much better and had scarcely any sympathy for those "Little Newcomers". Looking back now, we recall seeing our first football games (will we ever forget?). Shouting and jostling (how we cheered for our team; didn't know much about the game though) we'd look longingly at those lucky seniors who knew that certain "him", that popular football and baseball star on whom we had a terrific "crush". Our team came through for us but that doesn't mean we won our tall, handsome, broadshouldered (padded) football star.

Back from a wonderful vacation we were now "Saps"—oops—Sophomores. It was fun to see old friends and everyone was saying "Hello again". Boy, we knew plenty now about East Side (or so we thought, anyway).

We had our first class meeting. On entering the auditorium we sighed as we gazed into the deep blue eyes of the debonair gentleman, later introduced to us as our adviser Mr. Posner. Standing close by was Miss Gronheit, a slight friendly person whom we liked instantly. Through them we learned more about our class activities and held our first elections. With jangling nerves we



SOPHOMORE B



SOPHOMORE A

awaited anxiously the news of the outcome. Like bigtime politicians we cast our ballots for the officers. The returns were,

President	Joseph Capozzi
Vice-President	Irene Holland
Secretary	Irene Pietranowich
Treasurer	Michael Pallitto

As Sophs we were becoming more interested in club activities. Many of us participated and had loads of fun. Not quite as bashful now, we began attending the dances after school held in our gym. It was there we really got a bird's eye view of the bashful swains huddled in the corners—probably waiting for the girls to ask them to dance. At these dances we heard, for the first time, our orchestra. When we saw the many familiar faces in the band, we could easily understand the reason for that "Strange Music". We began losing our awkwardness and to emerge from our shells handsome lads and winsome damsels. Gee!

Do you recall our efforts in Home Nursing? When we finished with the course, we were hospital cases, to say nothing of our teachers.

Many of us ended our Latin courses this term. How sad!! It really was a cinch for many of us; we trotted right through. (No pun intended).

In the same year many girls and boys tried out for the cheering squad, and were attractive as well as welcome additions. Our athletically inclined boys were not to be outdone. They were the

material which was to be one of the deciding factors in our future scholastic activities. Although we didn't win all the games we remained, as ever, good sports. Yeah, "Laughing on the Outside, Crying on the Inside."

In gym we really excelled that year; while taking our daily exercise in glamorous gym suits of enchanting blue we were acutely conscious of our male audiences in the corridor. Then—Clang—Fire Drill. In orderly fashion (oh, no!) we marched in single file down the stairs. Sheepishly we plodded on, looking neither to the left nor to the right, when suddenly we were discovered by the male members of our class who were bowled over by our curvacious forms. No Remarks!

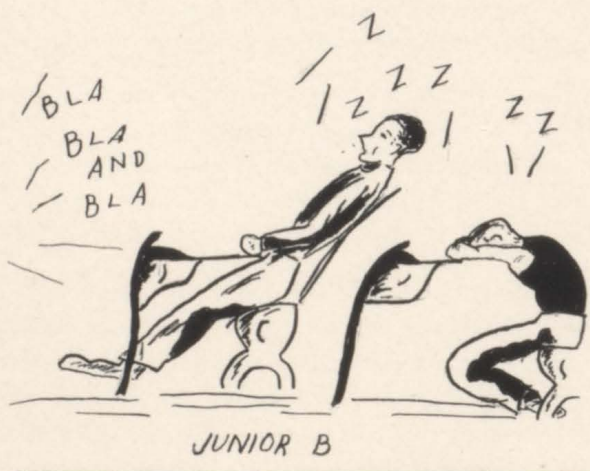
The boys who went out for the track team really outdid themselves. With pounding hearts we'd watch them whiz by, fast as a bullet, but oh, that last mile. Through the efforts of our capable coaches they were showing great promise.

Again our minds shifted to a new scene. Assembly, that is. No longer were we the bright-eyed, trusting Freshmen looking with great anticipation for what was to follow. Great productions were nil. What a difference in our sitting positions! As Freshmen, we sat straight and at attention, etc. But now—we shifted from one awkward position to another, stretching our necks, uttering unintelligible sounds, seeing the small (?) feet of our boys sticking out a mile. Then Pop! We almost jumped out of our seats. Oops, that bubble gum was a sticky mess. And—so rare.

We were astounded to find that our school actually had a paper. Yes, a school paper. Imagine! Grudgingly we gave up our meager allowances (those Senior staff members sure are high pressure salesmen. Wow!) to purchase this literary work. How we laughed at those "personals", especially about our dear classmates and pals. Ha! But when we were linked in the gossip columns—well, that's a different story.

Many of us got our first taste of shorthand. What capable workers we were, busily writing down what the teacher dictated. But how do you decipher the darn stuff?

Now we were upper classmen! We got to be known around school and the opposite sex really started to occupy our minds etc., etc. The boys no longer turned red when they talked to the girls and vice-versa. Life began taking on a new light. And those fellows—



Gazing about us we noticed the boys looking unusually pale with a few (?) cuts and bruises scattered here and there. For the life of us we couldn't solve the mystery. Then it hit us like a bolt. Our boys were now men—they shaved!!!

On Thursdays the boys actually turned up at the girls' gym to learn how to dance. This was our Thursday Date every week after school. It took time but we're proud to say that the boys accomplished something (dancing we mean). Now they had nothing to worry about; they could go to the Prom. Our efforts at dancing really stimulated others, even our capable advisers who really

swung a mean waltz. Our dancing classes stopped when the summer approached (our advisers probably gave a sigh of relief).

While strolling down Memory Lane we smile as we recall our first detention class. With a grim but determined air we decided that now that we had the opportunity the time was ripe (for study, that is). Ha! Did you ever go to detention? Whew, paper airplanes flying overhead, the loud noise of books accidentally falling, the fellows suspiciously quiet, dreaming up a new trick to make their lives more colorful, to say nothing of the giggling girls.

We took our First Aid courses in stride and luckily those fellows (our wary and hesitant guinea pigs) never really needed First Aid treatment, not even after we were through with them. Gosh, we couldn't get to show our skill in murdering—oops—mastering this course.

MacNamara's Band was really in the groove on the afternoon of our St. Patrick's Day Dance. This being the first social function of our class, we were more than glad to see its great success. Something revolutionary occurred on this day of days. Our boys, for a change, forgot about the weak condition of the walls (usually they hold them up, and wistfully watch the girls huddled in another part of the gym). Yes, due to our dancing classes (no snickers) we now had many a potential Arthur Murray in our class.

The fame of Alma Mater was spreading far and wide because of our excellence in the athletic fields, with baseball and football foremost on the list. In baseball the "Cinderella Nine" proved that in spite of their tattered uniforms and lack of equipment, as well as a lack of practice field, they were stout of heart and won the championship in the state tournament.

Football was more rugged and exciting than ever before. Game after game found scores of us at the playing field ready to cheer on our team. Yelling, pushing, arguing (all in fun—well, practically) we found that our team "never staggered or fell" (okay, so fell once. That's immaterial). After a series of nerve-racking games, full of thrills and suspense, we finally succeeded in our aim. Victims of only one defeat (the odds against us were plenty powerful) we found ourselves Co-Champs of the state.

Time for another election. Competition was stiff, campaign speeches were made, ballots were distributed, voted and counted. With fingers crossed and anxious breath, we awaited the outcome. The excitement and hub-bub died down when we received the tabulations. Our choices were:

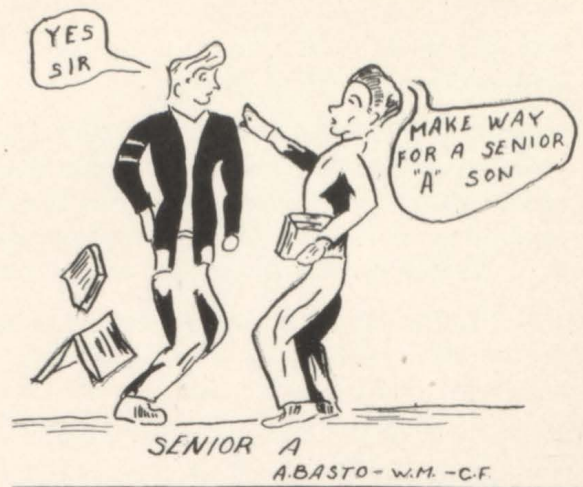
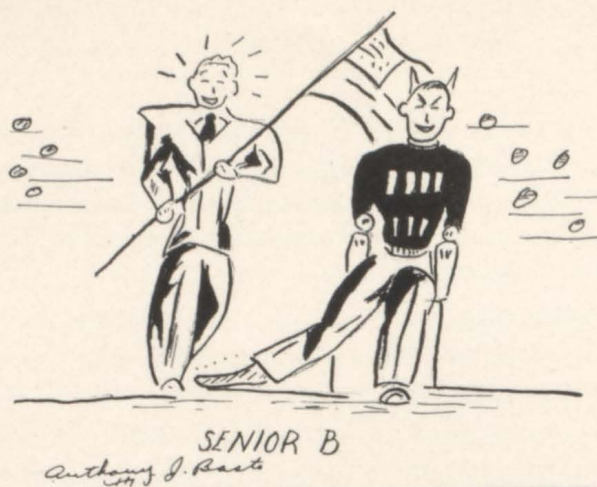
President	Al De Tulio
Vice-President	Irene Holland
Secretary	Marie Rosati
Treasurer	Nick Lorusso

Balmy summer days were approaching. Our minds were on a swell vacation long before the close of school. Pleasing thoughts ran through our minds. Ah! At last! When we came back we'd be Seniors. Yes, Seniors. Say, that really sounded sweet to our ears.

Back to school hearing the "ohs!" and "ahs!" concerning our new schedules. After a day or so we became used to that term, "Seniors." Gosh, we had an enormous wealth of memories.

Our orders for rings had gone through. Before this was done, however, all our dues had to be paid. Representatives were given the slip—but finally we had to pay. Our wailing "Money is the Root of All Evil" certainly was true. When our rings arrived, we forgot about those minor things. Everyone wanted to erase the boards or help the teacher in some way. Helpful, you say? No. How else could we show off our rings and the fact that we were now truly Seniors!!!

The day of our Senior Reception arrived. The weather was as sunny and bright as our happy countenances (remember—we're not educated). Could you girls imagine such handsome Lotharios around all the time when at this late date we had just begun to notice them? The girls really outdid themselves, too. Beautiful dresses, high heels, and ornaments in the hair, replaced the bobby-soxers in a Sloppy Joe sweater with enormous loafers. What a pleasant change. Many



took photos to help recall that happy day. The dance after school was a wonderful climax to a perfect day.

A common phrase was "Veterans are back and East Side's got 'em". And so we had. Did you notice the different behavior of our girls? Never before had the girls been so eager to absorb all the learning possible. Why else would they linger at the end of those certain periods?

Plans were formed concerning our Prom, the setting, the date, etc. We decided on what we thought was a very novel idea. Why not have a setting of the Gay Nineties? Sure, why not! The anticipation and hoping were almost as exciting as that day itself.

In the hustle and bustle of things, we had wonderful times. Most of the time we worked but it seemed a pleasure. Sound the drums, blow the bugles, THE day had arrived. We walked in to the decorated gym and entered into a new era. It was as if we were living in the days of the Gay Nineties themselves. The setting communicated the mood to us and the old-fashioned street lamp in the center established the proper atmosphere. Nostalgic songs of the old days were hummed. The old-fashioned waltz was played. The girls in their beautiful gowns and with lovely corsages were a picture to behold. Their eyes were alight with wonder and happiness. They were held in the arms of their handsome gallants. The fellows stared proudly and unbelievably at their ladies. What a difference from their usual appearance! Why, most of us had come to school in kerchiefs and curlers, feminine "flattops." This picture was easily erased by our appearance in the evening. The band was divine; the punch as nectar. We promised to leave at 12:00 o'clock and most of us did.

Hurry, hurry, hurry, the Torch committee was being organized. At the first meeting we were shocked, as well as happy to see so large a representation of our class. But wait. When the real work began, strangely enough, that large group had shrunk to less than half its previous size.

Being an eager class, we started early to have all the required material ready and in perfect shape thanks to Dr. Cavicchia, whose strong will and magnetic personality urged us on. Thanks, J. C., you're a regular Joe.

In this, our last and final term at East Side we held nominations for class officers for the last time. The fervor and anticipation was at a new high. After all, this being our most important year, we wanted to excel in everything, and so we did. Our Senior B and Senior A terms found the same capable officers at the head. Yes, they were "the Captains of Our Ship". The results you say? Well, here—

President	Al De Tulio
Vice-President	Irene Holland
Secretary	Marie Rosati
Treasurer	Nick Lorusso

Studies continued as usual (perish the thought). Fads around the school were something to behold (oh, brother!). Some monstrosities, pardon us, cars (only joking, Ting), that were known universally. And we're not kidding! The boys (probably wanted to show their masculinity) were smoking pipes; pipes of all sizes and shapes. But tobacco—? It was all the same to us. Girls were now wearing those straight skirts (very ultra, ultra, you know, my deah!) and all we could do was gaze and wonder—.

In our store of experience, one thing really appealed to our senses (smell that is). Only in the Chem. Lab could one find that intoxicating, heavenly odor. Many teachers declared that this certain rotten egg gas was plenty dense, for how else could it spread so fast downstairs and through the whole school. Honestly, it was no deliberate effort on our part but we couldn't have succeeded better even had it been planned.

Our Spring Frolic was, as were most of our dances, successful. The crowd was in a light-hearted mood. All were full of vigor and life. Everyone had a glorious time, even if we could scarcely move, much less dance. When one tried to trip the light fantastic (and trip was certainly the proper verb) all that could be accomplished was to bump into old friends—and strangers. Wherever one turned, one saw new faces (how frightening!).

With a jolt we come back from our Sentimental Journey. Back to reality and commencement. Because ours is the largest class ever to graduate from East Side, and because the school auditorium is so small, graduation is being held at the Rivoli Theatre, nearby. Yesterday we were rehearsed and admonished and cautioned by Mr. Horwitz and Dr. Cavicchia, perennial marshals at commencement. We are stone cold sober and we have left the chewing gum at home. The theatre is filled to the rafters with relatives and friends, and the vacant seats in front beckon to us. The air is filled with a fragrance from the cut flowers with which the stage is set. And now, the music! All is solemn as we walk in, guided in all we do by the marshals. A few words of wisdom from our principal, our officers and our advisers, and suddenly we find our diplomas in our hands, and it is all over. Tomorrow morning we shall awaken in our beds at the usual hour, but there will be no place to go to.

Sad? Of course. We say good-bye. We kiss each other, girl and boy alike, and here and there one of our favorite teachers or two. As in the mind of a dying man the history of these last four years fleetingly passes through our minds. What is in our hearts we can best express by reading here the lines of a sonnet written more than twenty years ago by Dr. Cavicchia, then a member of the Class of June, 1924:

ALMA MATER

We have been happy here; fair flying days
Yield now sweet mem'ries far more dear than gold;
We have sung songs, wove dreams and felt the old,
Brave thrill of human friendship; trod loved ways
Once passed by long-gone others, felt the blaze
Of quick born powers, and with a youth grown bold
Have challenged Life its mysteries to unfold;
And thou hast crowned our brows with more than bays.

All this is ended; we shall see no more
Gay sunsets gild these dear celestial walls;
Next springtime all will be as we were not,
And others crowd where once we thronged before.
We love thee, dear old school; though all else falls,
We love thee still. Shall we be soon forgot?

Last Will and Testament

IN the name of God, Amen. We, the Class of June 1947 of the City of Newark, County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, do make and publish this as our Last Will and Testament.

1. To Our Beloved Advisers:

To Miss Gronheit and Mr. Posner we wish to express our deep gratitude for their successful management of our large class. We leave with them the cherished memories of their cheerful guidance over us in such important undertakings as the Prom, Recs, and dances.

2. To Our Executive Staff:

To Miss Erbacher and Mr. Wilmot we leave the remaining student body, whose duty it will be to continue the traditions of East Side High School.

3. To Our Absentee Advisers:

To Miss Higgins and Mr. Lumb we offer encouragement in carrying on their unceasing toil in keeping us all on the right path to success. We wish that all East Siders may have the pleasure of becoming acquainted with these two members of our faculty, but by means other than through a special call.

4. To the Faculty:

To all of our teachers we extend our thanks for their endless patience and tireless efforts in trying to instill knowledge into us. We offer an apology for having so often misunderstood their good intentions, but it seems a trait of youth to carry a prejudice against those of the teaching profession.

5. To the Seniors:

To the next graduating class we leave the honor and responsibility of holding high the Torch of East Side. We also leave the building itself, to care for and to do all in their power to improve it.

6. To the Juniors:

To our next Seniors we leave the happy realization of being so near the top of the ladder. We truly hope that their last year will be one to remember for all the years of their lives.

7. To the Sophomores:

To those half way through their days at East Side we leave the delight of two years to which to look forward. It is up to them to set the good example for those just entering.

8. To the Freshmen:

To the lower classmen we leave the task of gaining practical knowledge for the rest of their high school days, and to form the habit of putting the knowledge to good use.

ALFRED DeTULIO

IRENE HOLLAND

MARIE C. ROSATI

NICHOLAS D. LORUSSO

Signed, sealed, published and declared as and for the Last Will and Testament of the Class of June 1947, by its officers, who at their request and in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

JOSEPH A. CAPOZZI

IRENE W. PIETRANOWICH



Quotations



CHARLES ZERN.....	Sales
MARIE ROSATI.....	Editor
THAD RACZKUS.....	Ads





Class History

We Made This Book




TORCH STAFF






Senior Promenade

DECEMBER 6
1946





Senior Reception

MARCH 7
1947



JOHN CHRISTADORE

One of East Side's more modest athletes is Johnny Christadore. On the baseball diamond, Johnny is a hard-hitting portion of the Raiders' lineup. Defensively, Johnny doesn't pull many boners, and any base runner who can steal from him is good. Christadore's talents aren't limited to baseball, by any means. Johnny is an amazing man when playing football. For his weight, he shoves the big brawny linemen around and it's quite often that you see this little guard making fine tackles by himself—if he isn't already in on one.



JOHN KRYSIAK

"Steamboat" Krysiak is one of East Side's best athletes. For three solid years, the "Boat" turned out an equally solid performance in baseball and basketball. Sportswriters in this city have thrown honors to Krysiak from every angle, especially with respect to baseball. His batting average borders on the .400 mark most of the time and Johnny can play almost any place in the infield.

On the basketball court, see that fellow playing on the right side in front in the 2-1-2? He is a fine forward. Feed him the ball on a fast-breaking play and he won't muff that easy lay-up. "Steamboat" plays a good game defensively.



CHARLES CZVORNYEK

Charlie did not play football throughout the last season because of an injury. He began his football career with the jayvees at center three seasons before, and by last year had earned the regular position of center with the varsity. After the first few games, in which he played well, he found it necessary to drop out for the season.



NICHOLAS LORUSSO

Almost four years ago a little musclebound fellow tried out for football and made it with flying colors. He was a back—and a fast one at that. Nick was also an excellent blocker who never let his fellow backfield operators down. In his junior year he was on and off on the bench as a varsity gridder. He didn't play much but, when he did, every play of which he was a part was finely executed. That same year, Nick was captain-elect of East Side's track team, besides helping another swimming team get its start.



BERNARD DAVISON

Bernie Davison is a lad who is versatile on the gridiron, diamond or basketball court. On the gridiron Bernie is the unsung hero of the glorified backfield—a blocking bat. Bernie played jayvee ball for a year, after which he was on and off the bench on the varsity squad the following year. Last football season Bernie's chance came to be a first stringer who played fine, outstanding, defensive ball. Besides this, he was in the lineup of a championship baseball aggregation as a third sacker and batted .333 during the Greater Newark Tournament games. On the basketball court, Bernie can play almost anywhere. He is tall enough to be a center, fast enough to be a forward, and alert enough to be a guard.



JOHN MARZELLA

Choose your weapon, brother. Johnny Marzella has baseball and basketball to offer. Did you say baseball? Okay, Johnny is one of the best fly chasers on East Side's great nine. No one can recall seeing Marzella drop a fly ball or misjudge one. Offensively, Johnny usually comes through with that much-needed base hit with two down and a man on second. If anyone is looking for a good basketball player who is a fine ball handler and who seldom goes scoreless in a game, look to J. M.



EDWARD FLANAGAN

Ever see a guy make varsity the first time he tries out for football? That's what Eddie Flanagan did. Defensively, there is hardly a lineman who can dislodge Eddie. That's easy enough to understand because Eddie isn't a little fellow.

OUR

ATHLETES

WALTER REGAL

If you don't know Walt Regal, you'd be misled by the fact that Walt seems too quiet and unaggressive to be an athlete. See Walt outside and you'll be surprised. This lad is a terrific outfielder who never lets a ball go by him.

In his two years on the East Side basketball team, Regal was a cagey floor man and an excellent ball handler who knows how to get into shooting position.

PATRICK O'SHEA

In his Junior year Pat took to baseball as a pitcher and a first sacker. He has that long frame that goes with first basemen. Afield, you can throw 'em to Pat in the most impossible way and he'll catch them off the ground or high over his head. In the batters' box, Pat can really sock that apple when he's due. And that isn't all, friend; O'Shea is a better-than-fair pitcher to top it all off, and he is a sure bet to take a first place in a swimming meet too.

NICHOLAS SHYMKO

Here, again, is one of the less talkative people. One who was a brilliant wing man of 1945's championship team. Nick was picked for the Newark Evening News All-City Team that year and in '46 turned out an equally good performance. On the defense Shymko is an active man who always comes close to throwing an enemy play for a loss if he doesn't actually pull it. Nick can make a hard catch look easy in his position at end. When the cold winter comes Nick is on the basketball court as a center. Besides being a fine ball handler, Shymko can really take the rebounds from his own backboard as only a man over six feet can. Ever since Nick entered East Side, he's always been active in sports and he is a really fine example of a sportsman.

MICHAEL PALLITTO

Some time ago Li'l Abner was looking for "The Greatest", Mike Pallitto is it . . . That is, he was the greatest pitcher in the Greater Newark Tournament in 1946. Mike won the Most Valuable Player Award. Consequently, he went on the road with the Newark Bears that year. Mike was worked hard during the whole tournament, but he contributed much towards winning the state championship.

Mike was also the man who set up the touchdowns for East Side's championship gridders too, even though he didn't score the bulk of them personally. Pallitto's speed was unusually hard to gauge. Every first down East Side made that season usually had Mike behind it.

JAMES TINGOLI

Some time ago a fellow known as "Ting-a-Ling" played third string on the varsity football squad. To be more specific, it was three years ago that Jim Tingoli saw limited action. A year later a freely-substituting East Side eleven had Jim playing now and then. Until last season, there was a certain position at tackle saved strictly for "Ting-a-Ling," and he did a bang-up job.

ERNEST PATAKY

Ever since Ernie was on East Side's varsity football team he has played outstanding ball. He was an all-city man who, last season, played tackle. He plays well at guard too . . . there isn't, in fact, a place in the line which Ernie might not fill from the standpoint of defense.

CHARLES ZERN

Sure, you know Charlie Zern! Honors went to him as a lineman in the state championship eleven in 1945. Later, Charlie was picked for the all-city and all-county teams as an outstanding guard. The size of the opposing lineman didn't impress Charlie in any way. Zern just went ahead and gave his man a rough time during the whole game besides making sensational tackles. His leadership and aggressiveness just about made up the whole East Side line. On the diamond Charlie is a catcher who can catch any kind of a pitch from any kind of pitcher. He's good for more even than that. Having a strong arm as catchers do, Charlie can send the ball almost to the plate from the outfield as a fly chaser.



Rocket to the Moon

A FANTASY

GOSH! But this is exciting! Never thought I'd actually see the day when I would take a trip to the moon. "Scared?" did you say? Of course not—well just a little. There's some consolation in the fact that the Rocket Ship was invented by Frank Wolf and Walter Soltys, two former classmates of mine.

The police have just arrived. They will have a rough time keeping the large crowd in check. Charles Czornyek, chief-of-police, is pushing his way through. He is followed by Norman Chere, Chet Sulewski, Stan Adamkowski, Al Rogers, Frank Kellett, Joe Sak and Bill Collins, a few members of the force. Everywhere I turn, I see people, and more people. Al Yonadi, owner of the "King Kong Gazette," is here with Victor Fong, editor of the paper. There's Ann Nobile, also a member of Yonadi's staff. She writes those fantasy stories that have made her so popular with the youngsters. All illustrations in Ann's stories are drawn by Josephine Bronzo and Louise Gruskos.

A slick Rolls-Royce has just pulled up at the main gate. Stepping out are those millionaire playboys Dom Pucciarello, Charlie Fortunato, Bill Maccarelli and Anthony Basto. My, how hearts flutter when this handsome quartet is in sight!

The police are opening a pathway for the members of the city commission; Al DeTulio, newly elected mayor, is followed by Commissioners Marie Rosati, Neil Kaiser, Peter Holler, and Harry Masker.

The All-Star football aggregation, which has made headlines here on earth, is just arriving. Charlie Zern, captain of the team, is pushing his way through the crowd. I can also catch glimpses of Mike Pallitto, Bernie Davison, Ernie Pataky, Nick Shymko, Johnny Christadore, Biff Kurdyla, Danny Ziobro and Jack Shaw. The All-Star team is followed by their famed coach, Ray Milewski, and manager, Tony Rossi.

To my right, I see those Wall Street tycoons Joe Molitor, John Osinski, Joe Zatorski, and Joe Manasia. The boys have taken their secretaries with them, Joan Yancosky, Olga Kundrat, Marion Petracca and Diana Ventre.

A number of columnists are recording this momentous event; Rose Conde, Ann Karlik, John Szczepanski and Arthur Billitz. They are accompanied by the flash-bulb fiends Helen Rojewski, Phil Correia, Anthony Cupo, and Bob Holleran.

The members of the F. B. I., Phil Sfraga, Joe Loboda, Eddie Siberry, and Bill Stefanelli, are cautiously guarding the photographic supplies. It seems Howard Price and Alan Metzger are afraid someone might want to "borrow" their precious equipment. The boys are planning to record the happenings on the moon for future use in television.

The greasemonkeys have just arrived in the persons of Arnold Lodato, Bill Fitzsimmons, Calvin Hecht, and Arnold Nasto. They are going to give the Rocket a last minute check-up.

Looking extremely solemn are Thad Raczka and Richard Ozimek. Fear not, men, your theory that cosmic energy will take the ship to the moon will be verified.

I've just spied Dave Ronan and Louis Diaz. They are arguing about the latest fashions in clothing for women. The fellows just saw Doris Henninger and Cathy Quirk in their latest super-duper plastic dresses.

There's Richard Nestinger, the professional track star, running up and down the field. His trainer, Vincent Luppino, and his manager, Albert Triano, are preparing Richie for the Olympics.

Eddie Flanagan, owner of the Riviera Sporting Club, has just arrived, escorted by his bodyguards "Cuddles" Tingoli and Charlie Cipriano.

Well blow me down! I've just caught sight of Ernie Szepessy, Jackie Klena, and Pat O'Shea, attired in bathing suits. The boys are prepared to go swimming. They cannot be convinced that there is no water on the moon.

Just in case anyone decides to become suddenly ill, we are all prepared. Doctors Janice Richman, Fred Gallo, and Harry Scheubel are here with their nurses, Eleanor DiFederico, Rosemarie Dura and Dolores Tamburri.

Looking very trim in their air hostess uniforms are Ann Siepoligo and Toni DeVino.

After a very impressive speech by Richard Marshlian, the Rocket Ship will be christened by Ruth Lau, well-known Powers model. Other Powers models, who are going to the moon to model latest earth fashions are, Tillie Barroso, Albina Zarych, Georgiann Labowsky, Dolores Boesner, Laura Rabiej, and Carmella Pucciarello.

Making his way towards the ship is that Featherweight Champ, Abel Dominguez, flanked by Marie Hynes, Ann Libertazzo, and Amelia Malangone, the gay divorcees.

Discussing the value of education are some of our prominent teachers, Mary Ann Rolph, Joan Snee, Connie Alati, Jeanne Williams and Rose Lania.

Nick Lorusso, newly appointed head of the New Jersey Physical Education Department, is trying to get a few words in.

That heart-warming actress Marge Warner is persuading the movie producers Joe Stock, Stan Nagiewicz and Bob Sweeney, to see her latest picture which co-stars Tommy Miske.

I have just learned that during the trip the latest Hollywood releases will be shown to the passengers. Some of the actresses we will see are Mella Nobile, Irene Pielach, Renee Langstroth, Alice Alvarez, Hilda Fernandez, Angie Sardo and Vita Policastro.

I hear the beating of drums by Bobby Pallitto, who is entertaining the crowd. Some of the members of Bobby's orchestra are Richard Moryl, Tony Benedetto, Mario Miranda, Felix Pagano, and Marion Ansaldo. The featured vocalists are Vic Moura and Rosalie Salles.

Senators Joe Cacicedo, Frank Pachana and Ray Farparan are near the bandstand talking to a group of friends. Josephine Fallone, Eddie Kopec, Margaret Blajsa, Henrietta Drzwiecki, Ruthie Bircsak are listening with open mouths.

I'm beginning to believe what they've been talking about the ratio being twenty women to every man. Women everywhere and not a man in sight. Rose Farinella, authoress of "The Ways of Men," is pouring out her troubles to Betty Brown, Carmella D'Allessio, Anne Cheshun, Esther Byrne, Dolores Burdelski and Ann Czekaj. Oops! Pardon me, there is a lone male in the midst of all these females: Frank Masessa, star of stage, screen, and radio.

The foreign ambassadors Joseph Capozzi and Michael Palumbo are making their way through the throng of people, followed by those gorgeous Esquire Girls Betty Bator, Trudy Dallakian, Dot Brenner, Lucille San Giacomma, Ceil Cibrian, Connie Cicalese and Corrine Perez.

Even the "New York Yankees" have sent a few representatives to witness this history making event. Johnny "Steamboat" Krysiak, Bobby Selecky, and, of course, Johnny Marzella. They are accompanied by a few smartly dressed, admiring fans, Marge Grillo, Fran Marsella, and Kathy Mauro.

Sal Sellari, manager of the "Long Life Insurance Company," is arriving on the premises, accompanied by a few of his favorite secretaries, Hilda August, Ann Dolocheck, Irene Kopcik, Ann Vankulic and Gloria Sainz.

A telegram has just been delivered to our "two geniuses" wishing them success on their first flight and sending regrets for not being able to come. The wire is signed by a few members of the "Wife Brigade", Marion Dull, Gwen Baber, Magdalene Specht, Helen Liscinski, Lorraine Kimble, Mary Stoeckel and Lee Weathers.

Rita Daher, who has received several honorary degrees, has recently been made President of N. Y. U. Marguerite is arriving with Josephine LaCorte, Frances Dombrowski, Florence Morschel, members of the University Board of Trustees, and Wanda Januse, Mary Golembiewski, Wanda Kretchmer, and Vera Marquardt, secretarial teachers at the college.

Standing in a huddle and looking very attractive are Irene Pietranowich, Jane Piszcatoski, and Marie Senatore chattering away about something which seems quite important. "What's so exciting, girls?" Oh, I see it now! It's the fact that Ramona Mitelski and Estelle Meighan, those famous Hollywood beauticians, have just arrived.

Frank Pulicaro is looking very pleased with himself, for he is surrounded by those delightful de-icers Connie Dacunza, Theresa Torrens, Frances Tomeo and Agnes Petti.

Tonight is the night for celebrities! John Sowinski, producer of "Highway to Heaven," is arriving with a few members of his cast. The stars, Marie LaRusso and Ruth Mulhall, and a few girls from the chorus, Sue Mazzillo, Terry Czarnecki, Pauline Devine, and Anne Broznak, present a striking picture as they walk down the field.

Loaded down with laboratory equipment is Maroon Abraham, followed by his chemists Doris Metzger and Vivian Carlsson. They are leaving behind their able assistants Elsie O'Lasky and Ann Ostrowski to carry on their work.

Gloria Alfano, Viola Antolec and Jennie Russo are being entertained by Edna Findley and Agnes Outcalt. The girls are giving them a preview of what they will hear and see on their television sets next Wednesday at 8:30 P. M.

"Chic," the newest and most popular fashion magazine on the newsstands, is financed by Joe Emm, the man who found a million dollars in his back yard. Joe is stepping out of his rocket-like auto and assisting the editor of the magazine, Mildred Atch, and her assistants Marie and Ann Petti.

New York Society could, by no means, be expected to be excluded from these breath-taking happenings, so here come those enticing debs, Irene Holland, Louise Lepore, Lorraine Smith, Ann Ventre, Maureen Dugan, and Doris Laurenzano.

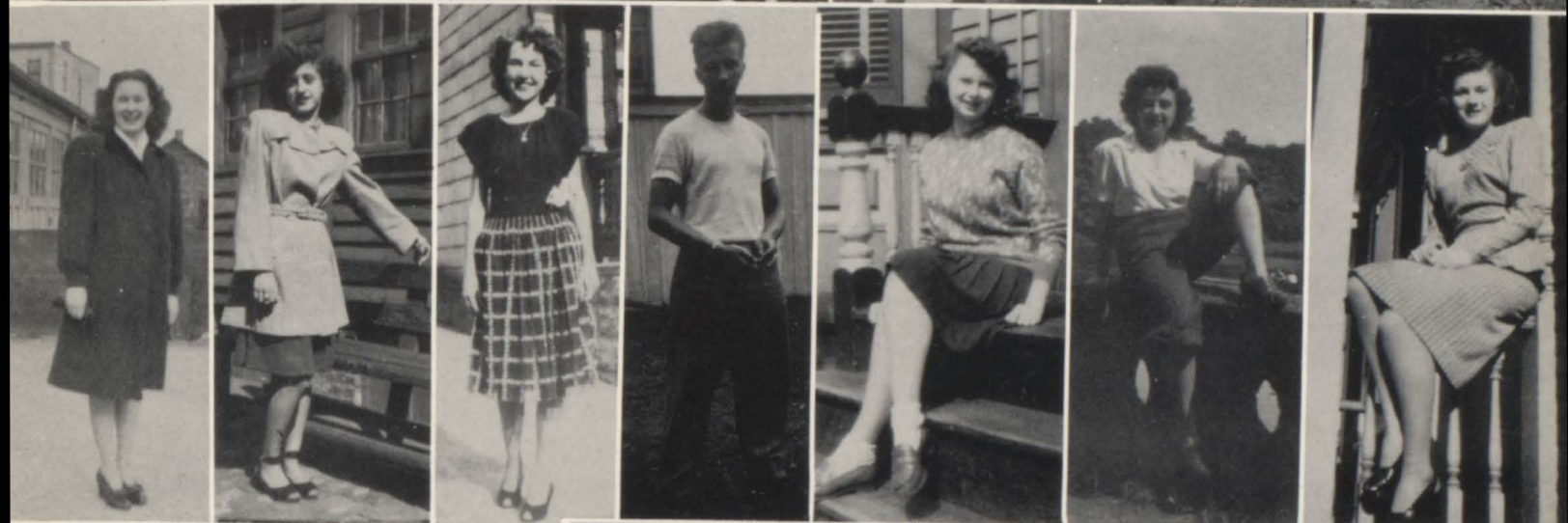
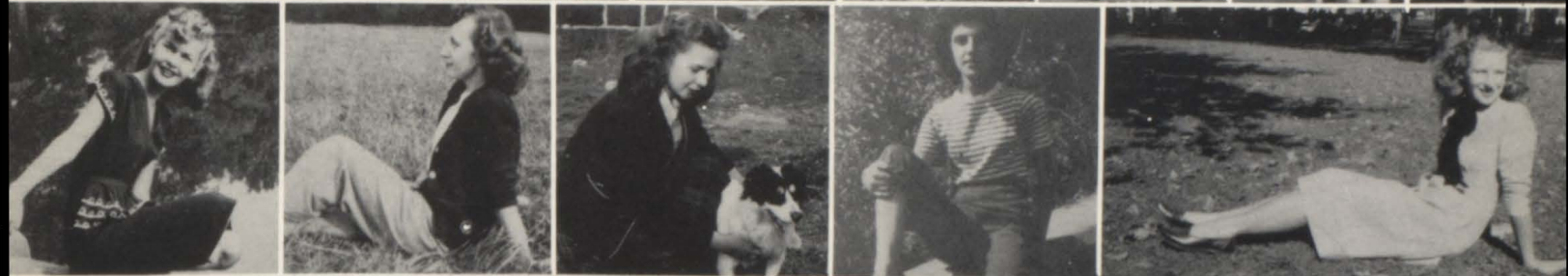
If you girls are wondering and fretting about what next season's clothes will cost you, you can put your doubts to an end this evening. I've just spied Alice Alvarez, Doris Burke, Angelina Cantalupo, and Ray Coppola, those talked about buyers from Sak's Fifth Avenue.

Judge Walter Klosowski is arriving a trifle late, but I'm sure it's the fault of his attractive companions. They are Dorothy Zienkiewicz, Eileen Smialkowski, Frances Majewski, Ann Losado, and Eleanor Gennaro, court stenographers.

Evelyn Lentowski, Veronica Zieniewicz, Josephine Stoia are looking down the field, anxiously waiting for the thrilling take-off. Instead, they only see a group of people running down the run-way toward the plane. These late-comers are Carmella Ferrara, Irene Grabowski, Antoinette Inguaggiato, Rose Malgeri, Mary Marchuk, Barbara McHardy, Josephine Policastro, Sophie Rock, Theresa Paselli, noted clerks for J. D. Rockefeller, Jr.

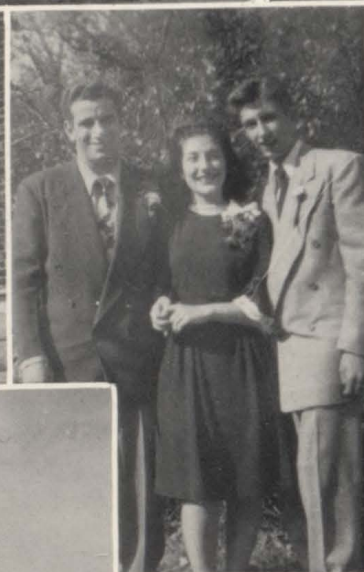
Looks like just about everyone is here, so I guess we'll begin our flight. What's that? No pilot? Can't very well start a trip without the pilot! But here comes a helicopter, landing beside the "Raider". It must be—Yes it is, it's Jim Pica, looking very handsome in his aviator's uniform. Jim is climbing into the Rocket.

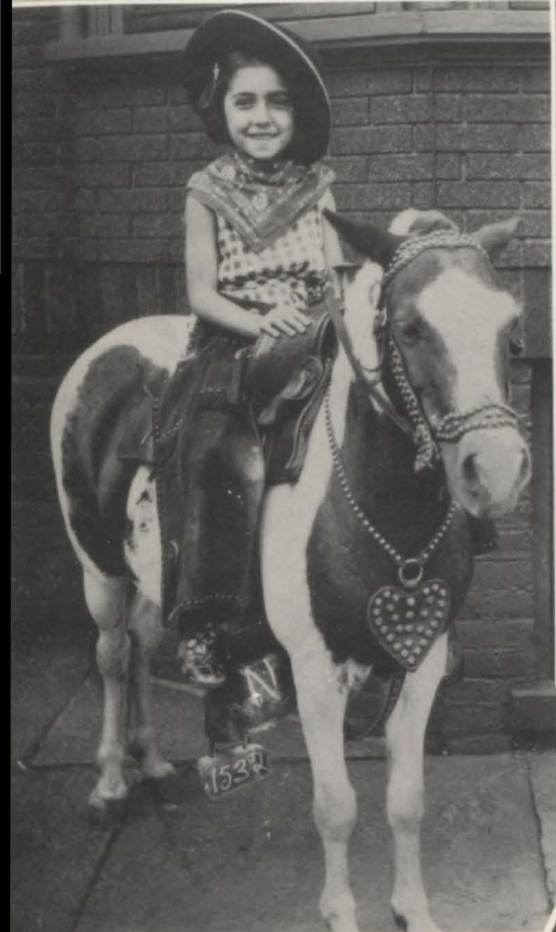
There she goes, like the swiftest bird, off into space. She's off—on her "Highway to Heaven,"—and her "Trip to the Moon."





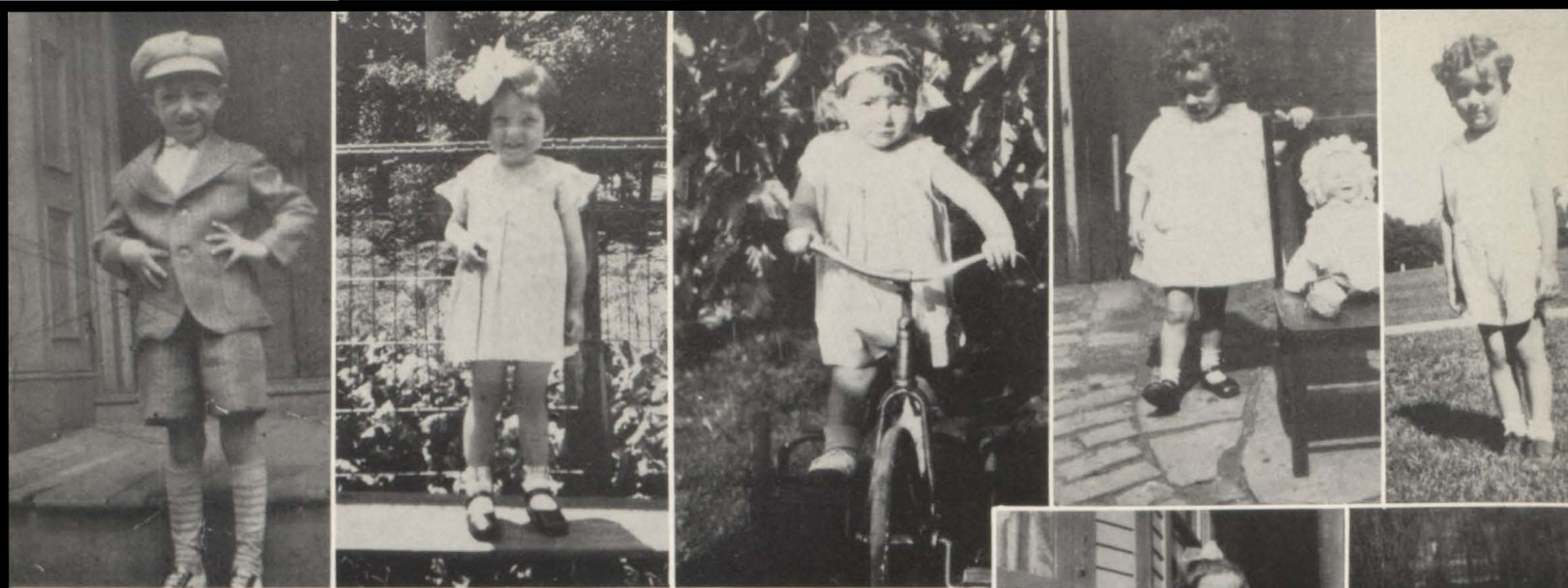






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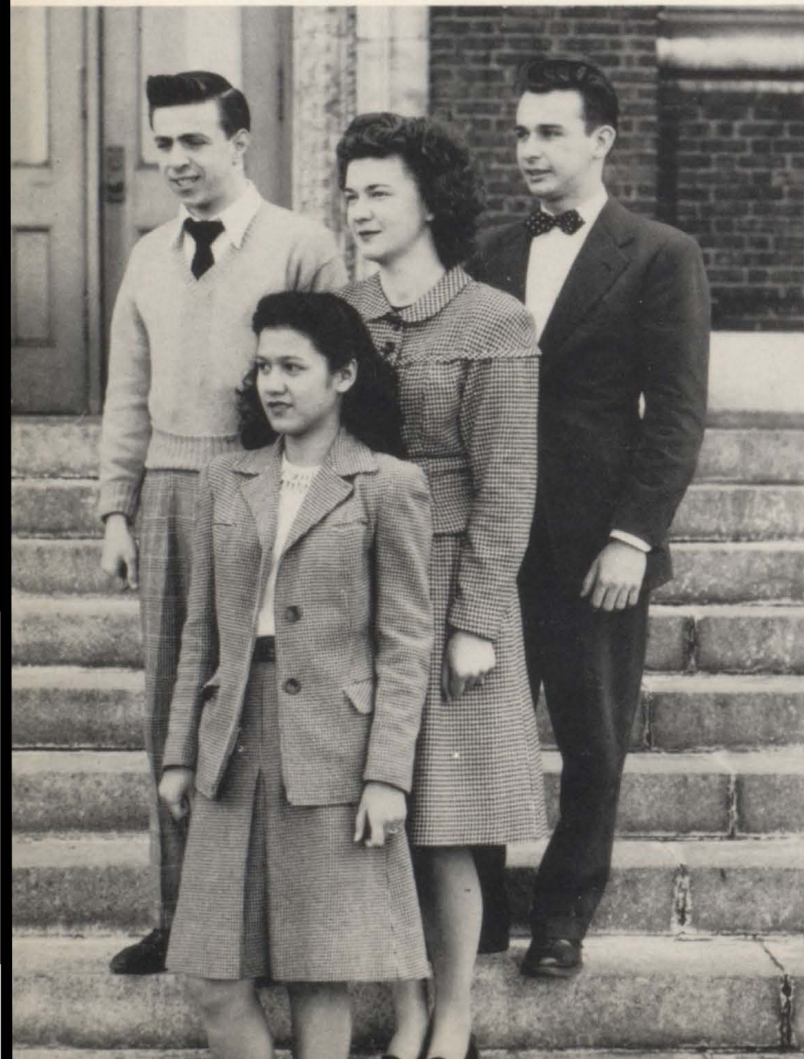
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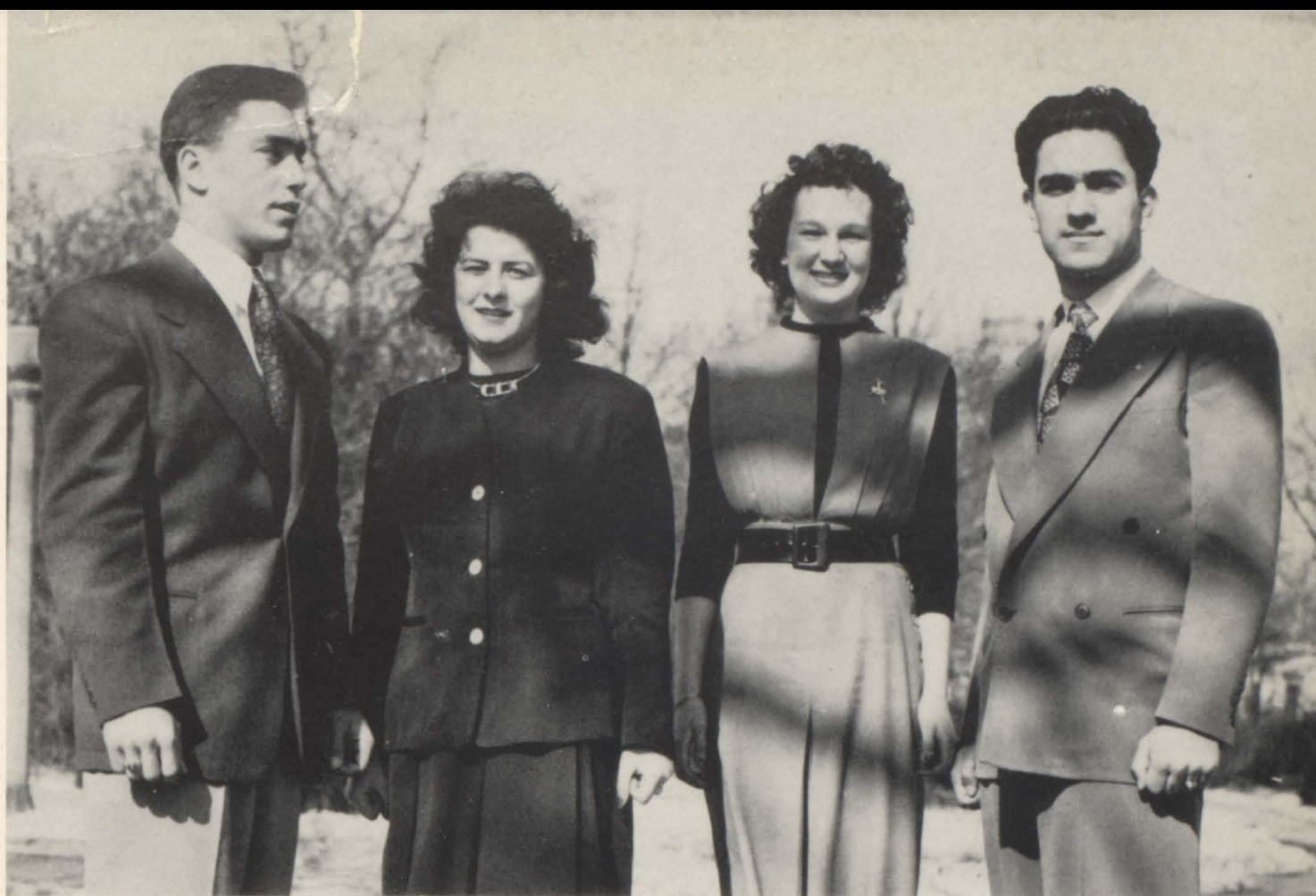
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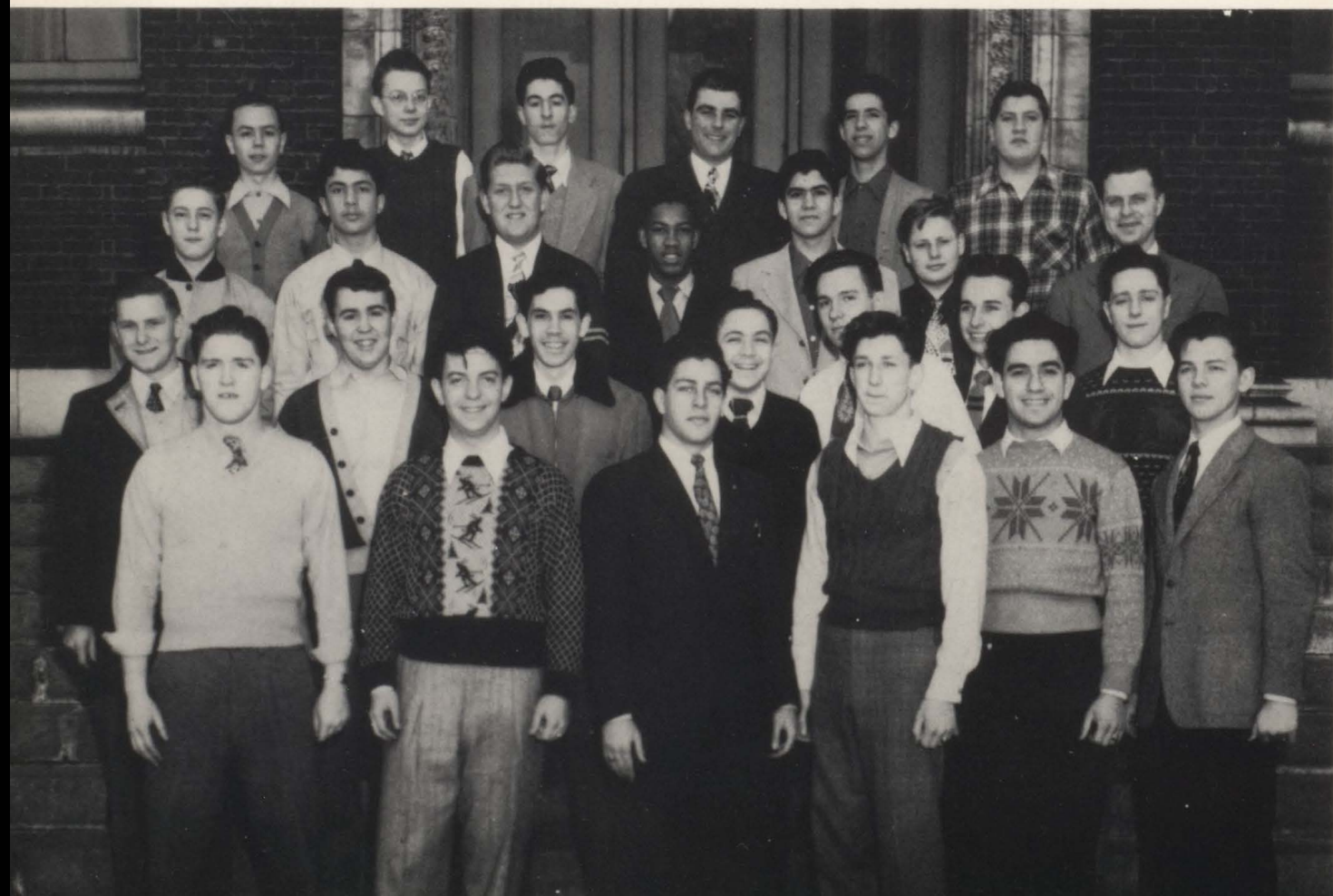
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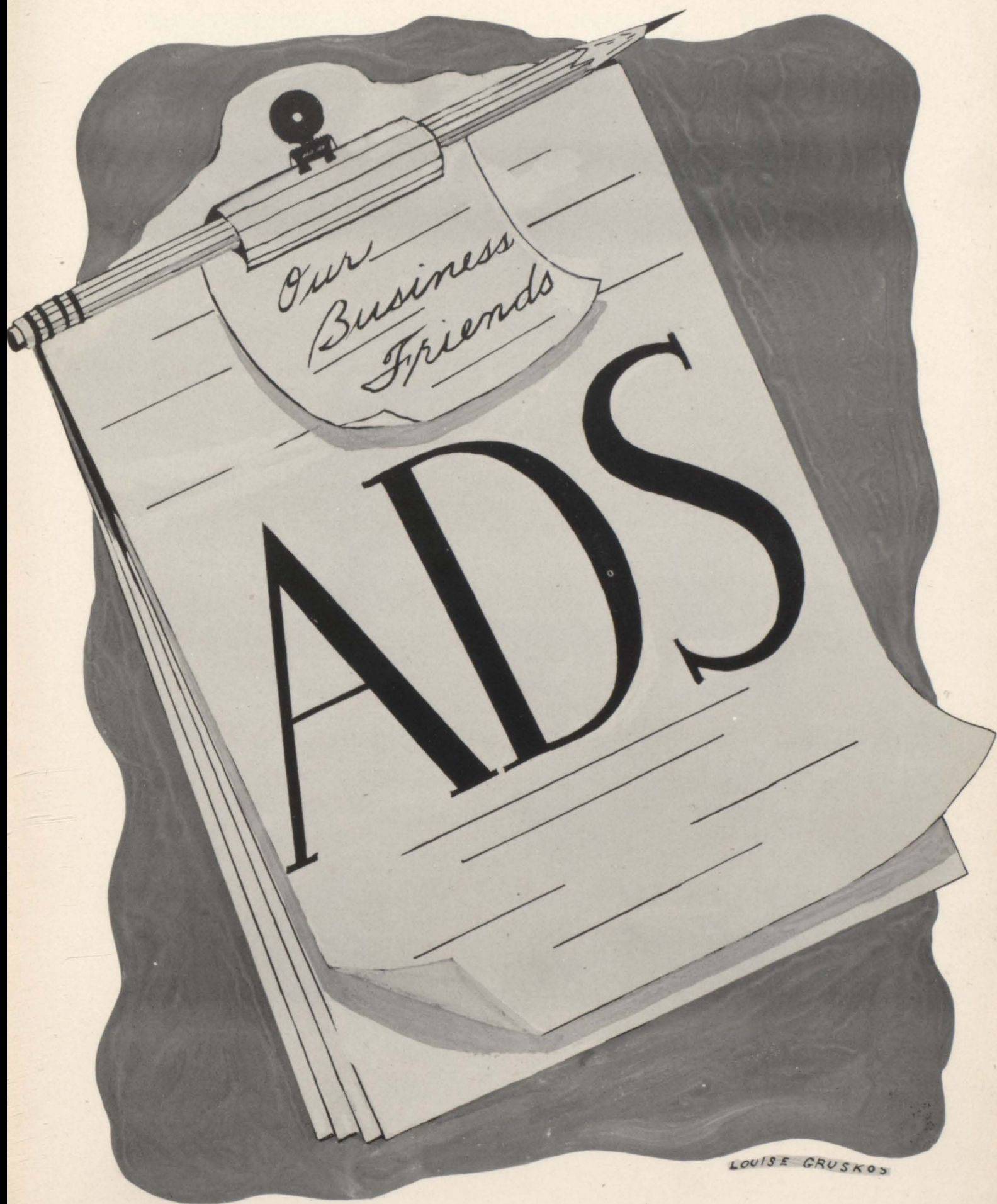




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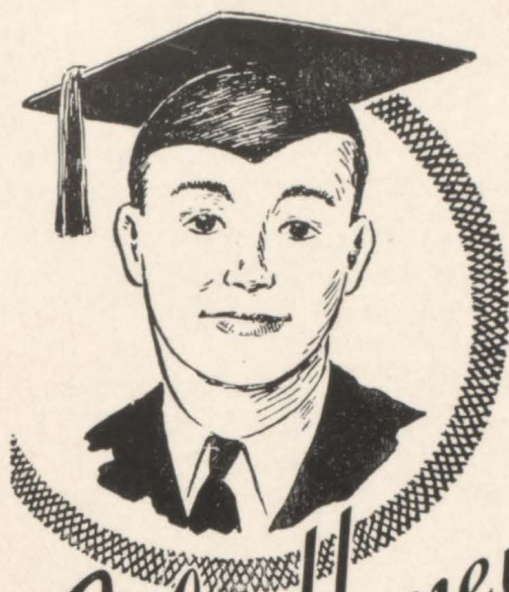
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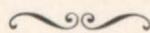
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